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THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Corrupt Olympics

By STEFAN KANFER

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CORRESPONDENCE

HART FAILURE

To the editors:
Gary Hart has already failed as a Presidential candidate ("Hart's Big Chill," TNR, January 23). He has failed to grasp that the essence of Presidential politics (or for that matter, politics in general) is that one must lead to be a leader. This is done by inspiring and challenging the people or nation one seeks to lead. One doesn't lead by stating, "I don't have to sell myself," or "If people want to know my story, they'll ask." If Senator Hart cannot communicate his ideology to those he seeks commitment from, then who among his converts can or will?

It is not passion we seek, but bold, courageous leadership. Instead of Plato, I suggest Senator Hart study Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Benjamin Disraeli, and Winston Churchill. From these men he might learn that the single most important factor in political success is communication and the ability to rouse a nation's emotions. Instead of rejecting what he derisively calls "cheap emotionalism," he should be embracing it. Can one imagine Disraeli speaking passively on the repeal of the Cotten Laws or Churchill on the establishment of an Irish Free State? Emotion was the wood that fed the fire of political ambition in these great men.

But what can we expect? Hart is a manifestation of the very party he criticizes. There has not been a risk-taker at the helm of the Democratic Party since Lyndon Johnson. The issues exist today from which the Democrats can forge dynamic leadership if they so choose: a trillion-dollar defense budget, increased poverty and hunger in America, a grossly overvalued dollar, a staggering Third World debt supported by avaricious bankers, the polarization of the American people, imperialism abroad, and the cold war, to name a few.

JEFFREY R. SWARZ
Sea Cliff, New York

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

To the editors:
Thomas Nagel argues in "Caste Struggle" (TNR, January 23) that strong affirmative action is justified "if it will substantially further the social goals of the first importance," in this case the removal of "radically unhealthy divisions in society." My question is, by what logic does "speeding the advancement of blacks into the middle class" lead to the goal of greater "social cohesion"? Isn't it as likely that stepped-up "strong" affirmative action will further divide blacks—middle class or not—from embittered, not to mention bewildered, whites? How does enriching one group at another's expense promote social cohesion?

The problem is that Mr. Nagel underestimates the effects of caste on white Americans. Granted the black experience is unique; nevertheless, to the extent that whites see themselves as victims of caste they will not, I believe, accept officially sponsored discrimination on behalf of any one group.

Will affirmative action always be with us? Maybe Mr. Nagel will stop justifying it in the "early decades of the next century," but will the children and grandchildren of today's beneficiaries agree to give up an advantage they have enjoyed for generations? Mr. Nagel's formula that "success will depend on the overall position of blacks in American society . . ." is not reassuring. Who will decide? Black leadership? White politicians? The Census Bureau?

Strong affirmative action is, and always will be, an invidious form of social engineering. Weak affirmative action, which we must pursue, is no small burden if we are serious about it.

DAVID REITER
Chicago, Illinois

To the editors:
In his defense of strong affirmative action, Mr. Nagel argues that preferential treatment is not morally repugnant because it is not based on contempt or loathing for the excluded group. If passing over white males for employment or educational opportunities is unfair, he says, it is comparable to the unfairness of conscription in wartime or property condemnation under the right of eminent domain. But as any student of elementary logic knows, arguments by analogy are inherently suspect. Mr. Nagel's analogies are worse than most, for they compare the incomparable.

The draft lottery is *not* unfair, for those who suffer the burdens that go with being drafted are selected at random, without regard to such considerations as race or social class. If the state decided to run a highway through a Hispanic neighborhood *because it was Hispanic*, that would be unfair. But if the homes are condemned only because they happen to lie along the best route for the new highway, there is nothing unfair about it.

Draftees and property owners suffer great losses, but *all* persons similarly situated are treated alike. The white male victims of "preferential treatment" programs are not only treated differently from all the other players in the admissions game or the employment game. They are excluded from the game altogether, for no other reason than that they are white males.

The greatest evil of racial discrimination is not the loathing and contempt of members of one racial or religious group for another. It is the translation of those feelings into actions that deprive qualified individuals of educational opportunities, jobs, and homes for no other reason than that they are members of the groups to which they happen to belong.

The infliction of disabilities upon members of religious or racial groups or upon persons of one gender or the other because they belong to those groups is invidious, however benign the motives of those who use their power to do so. Good motives do not render racist or sexist behavior morally acceptable.

BURTON M. LEISER
New York, New York

To the editors:
Mr. Nagel draws a useful and important distinction between "weak" and "strong" affirmative action. His observation that the latter "has produced sharp moral divisions" is surely correct. However, his argument for preferential admissions of the type at issue in the *Bakke* and *Weber* cases is flawed by his failure to advance an argument in support of a key premise—that social goals are morally decidable on utilitarian grounds.

Even if we assume with Rawls, Dworkin, and (perhaps) Nagel, that admission to professional school (or the granting of any other social advantage) cannot be based on an abstract concept of "merit," that does not ineluctably lead to the conclusion that these questions are, in the moral sense, best de-

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cided on utilitarian grounds. As Michael Sandel has recently argued, the arbitrary character of individual assets argues only *against* a claim of personal benefit by virtue of those talents, not *for* a utilitarian dispensing of those benefits.

To persuade us that strong affirmative action is indeed a morally acceptable solution to the eradication of the vestiges of racism, Nagel needs first to show why utilitarianism is a defensible moral theory. This he has not done.

DENNIS M. PATTERSON
Bar Mills, Maine

To the editors:
Mr. Nagel's interesting and impressive philosophical discussion contained one basic flaw. There was not a word in it about the Constitution.

There are many instances of morally repugnant acts that are sanctioned by our courts on constitutional grounds. Nazis are permitted to parade and flaunt their racial prejudices. Judges have set free individuals found guilty of murder by juries because of technical violations of the Sixth Amendment—even when these judges were convinced that such individuals were guilty. The courts upheld the Constitution in these cases because of a belief that to do otherwise would have the effect of eroding fundamental rights, which it guarantees. Apparently Mr. Nagel does not seem to be concerned about such erosion of the rights set forth in the Fourteenth Amendment.

One may agree or disagree with his sophisticated arguments in support of his position. But under our system of law, one cannot decide the issues raised by Mr. Nagel without considering the important constitutional questions that are involved.

Mr. Nagel says that affirmative action and the occasional use of quotas are required to ensure racial justice, even if such measures are unfair. Is he willing to add—even if such measures are unconstitutional?

B. HOUSMAN
Bronx, New York

Mr. Nagel replies:
Burton Leiser says the draft is not unfair because it uses random selection. Even if randomization reduces unfairness, the group from which the selection is made is not random: it consists of healthy young males. Does that mean that they are being made liable for no other reason than that they are healthy young males? It does not: there are other reasons behind this principle of selection, just as there are other reasons behind the racial criteria used in strong affirmative action. There is a big difference between racial exclusion for its own sake and the use of racial preference as a means to social improvement, and Mr. Leiser blurs the difference with the ambiguous phrase "because they belong to those groups."

David Reiter makes a similar mistake by using the words "caste" and "discrimination" in reference to the effect of affirmative action on whites. I don't want to make light of the feelings of resentment he describes—only to provide grounds for reducing them while the policy is needed. They will certainly revive in force, if affirmative action continues after the need is past. The danger is that they will make it politically impossible well before then.

The constitutional issue raised by B. Housman is as controversial as the ethical one and for some of the same reasons. This is too complicated a matter to take up here, but if, as I've argued, there is a big moral difference between strong affirmative action and old-fashioned racial discrimination that proves support for the view that preferential treatment doesn't violate the Fourteenth Amendment by denying to whites the equal protection of the laws. "Equal protection" requires nondiscriminatory standards of justification for law and policy, and I believe strong affirmative action can be so justified. I would not favor it if I thought it a sacrifice of constitutional rights to social expediency.

Nor did I offer a utilitarian argument, as Dennis Patterson suggests. I don't think every course of action is justified, whatever burdens it imposes on a minority, provided it increases the overall quantity of welfare or happiness. In this case, however, the burdens imposed are not serious violations of individual rights, and can be justified as means to the reduction of a pervasive social evil. That's not utilitarianism.

WHITMAN'S INDIVIDUALISM

To the editors:
The article by Samuel H. Beer on Whitman ("Liberty and Union," TNR, January 23) was pleasing and stimulating. His comparing our contemporary problems of desegregation and integration with Whitman's of individualism and "adhesiveness" encouraged me to return to Horace Kallen's *Individualism: An American Way of Life*, which he closes with, "In the classic tradition of America, the Individual comes first, the establishments of society come second; the freedom and fellowship of individuals is the goal, the institutions of government, religion and affairs are but instruments to attain this goal. . . . This is the whole purport of the idealism which we call American." Thanks to you and to Mr. Beer for starting my year 1984 off better than Orwell had led me to expect.

JAMES H. TIPTON
Palmer, Puerto Rico

BOOZE VIEWS

To the editors:
I have never regarded myself as a "libertarian extremist" until TRB ("Drunk on Sobriety," TNR, January 23) radicalized me. The argument that raising, lowering, or keeping the drinking age the same will save X number of lives does indeed get my libertarian juices flowing.

Legislatures can harass, repress, or even inspire both adult and adolescent drinking by playing with the drinking age. But nothing will change until we understand that, periodic crusades aside, the villain is not alcohol but rather the view that liquor is a kind of socially approved "time-out" in which the drinker is temporarily immunized against responsibility for his actions. In ancient Rome, the penalty for committing a crime under the influence of alcohol was automatically *doubled*. We regard it instead as a mitigating circumstance, somehow blaming the booze for the person's action under some sort of misguided diminished responsibility doctrine.

Until we cast aside paternalism in favor of some rudimentary notion of personal responsibility, we will continue to have highway slaughter, John Hinckley doing time at a mental hospital instead of Leavenworth, and San Francisco assassin Dan White out eating Twinkies again after only five years—and never understand the connection between these seemingly unrelated events.

CHARLES EDGLEY
Stillwater, Oklahoma

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FROM WASHINGTON

IN COLD PRINT

By this time four years ago, the mere sight of Jimmy Carter was enough to enrage me. Somehow Ronald Reagan, whose Presidency is objectively more obnoxious, has never had the same effect. It's that damned avuncularity. As an experiment in avoiding mesmerization, I tried not watching his State of the Union speech this year, and reading a transcript instead. It works! The scales have fallen from my eyes. What a horrible old bilgemeister he is.

One of Carter's most infuriating techniques was to reinvent himself in whatever image suited his purposes at the moment, blithely ignoring anything he might have done or said previously. The State of the Union demonstrated Reagan's similar shamelessness. Who would have thought, before last week, that developing outer space was one of his "four great goals" for America in the 1980s? It's unfortunate that he waited until the decade was almost half over before letting us in on the secret. And environmentalism, it turns out, "is not a liberal or conservative challenge. It's common sense." That's why the E.P.A. is to enjoy "one of the largest percentage budget increases of any agency." Too bad this increase will leave the environmental agency with less money than it had when Reagan took office and slashed its budget. Where was his "common sense" then?

Another irritating old Carter technique was sucking up to the citizenry with embarrassing declarations of "love" and so on. Reagan has now outdone his predecessor. It seems that all Americans who have achieved the status of either "single parents" or "couples" are no less than "unsung heroes" in his eyes. In his candidacy announcement later in the week, Reagan actually told his audience of millions, "I've come to feel a special bond of kinship with each one of you." It is the very opposite of leadership to suggest, as Reagan did throughout the State of the Union, that calls for sacrifice from any potential voter are "unfair," that all our troubles are caused by some great Other, and that what's needed from the American people is for all of us to keep on doing what we are already doing so magnificently, each in our own way, whatever that might be.

Reagan's Other, of course, is Big Government. His hypocrisy on this subject is astonishing. He accused the government of attempting to "profit at the people's expense." In one especially fatuous passage, he as good as joined the Ayatollah Khomeini in condemning the United States government as the Great Satan: "For a time we forgot the American dream isn't one of making government bigger; it's keeping faith with the mighty spirit of free people under God." In another speech delivered the next day, he said, "The best view of big government is in the rearview mirror as we leave it behind." In fact, the federal government is bigger now than when Reagan took office. It spends more money and takes up a bigger chunk of the economy than ever before.

Government has "grown beyond the consent of the governed," Reagan said. Taxes are an "indignity." On the other hand, by spending $8 billion of government money on a space station, we will "reach for greatness again" and "follow our dreams to distant stars." Prosperity comes from "small-business people with big ideas," and government just gets in the way. On the other hand, a space station "will permit quantum leaps in our research in science, communications, and in metals and life-saving medicines." It will help "build prosperity," and "holds enormous potential for commerce." Reagan described a small-business heroine "who rose from a ghetto shack to build a multimillion-dollar advertising agency," but neglected to say that she got her start with a federal government loan.

"Preservation of our environment" is a vital national concern, and therefore worth throwing more money at. Education, by contrast, is a vital national concern, but not worth throwing money at. On the other hand, Reagan reiterated his support of tuition tax credits for private schools, even though these dollars increase the national debt just as much as dollars spent directly—the only difference being that public schools get none of the benefit.

Most galling of all, Reagan invoked the shade of Franklin Roosevelt, who spoke "fifty years ago this month" about the need for progress. Then he went on to blame his budget deficits—four times larger than any before him—on "a pattern of overspending [that] has been in place for half a century" and "an illness [no less] that has been coming on for half a century."

Rhetoric at this level of grandiose abstraction is hard to pin down with labels such as "lie." However, when Reagan says, "Hope is reborn for couples dreaming of owning homes . . . ," this might be taken by some to mean that home ownership is more affordable today than it used to be. If so, this is false. Mortgage rates and housing prices still put home ownership as far out of reach as ever for most young people. When he says that despite his spectacular economic recovery, "many of our fellow countrymen are *still* out of work," and assures them that he's still on the case, some might infer that only a mopping-up operation remains. In fact, Reagan's recovery is from the situation of two years ago. More people are unemployed now than when he took office.

And perhaps Reagan would explain the following sentiment as not so much a lie as a greater truth. "Our record is clear: Americans resort to force only when we must." Anyone for Grenada? People disagree about whether that invasion was wise or unwise. But it was quite a surprise when it happened, and it's hard to see how it can reasonably be described, even in retrospect, as mandatory.

As for Reagan's idea that abortion is a factual question, not a moral one, and depends on whether "it can be proven that an unborn child is not a living human being"; and his contradictory assertions that, on the one hand, "deficits are a cause for worry," but on the other hand it doesn't matter whether government borrows or taxes to pay its bills; and his interwoven calls for bipartisanship with descriptions of America-before-Reagan with phrases like "the long night of our national calamity"—well, don't get me started.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
FEBRUARY 20, 1984

THE UPSIDE ABROAD

The opening cliché of the 1984 Presidential campaign is that President Reagan has had no foreign policy successes. What is meant by a foreign policy success? It is defined, correctly most of the time, as one of two things: a formal agreement codified in a treaty, or a relaxation in tension symbolized by a trip abroad. (We say "most of the time" because an event can fulfill both criteria and still be a disaster, the Munich adventure of Chamberlain and Daladier being the most prominent example.) Except for the May 17 Israeli-Lebanese accord, President Reagan has no agreements to show for his three years in office, in contrast to President Carter, who gave us the SALT II, Egyptian-Israeli, and Panama Canal treaties. On the trip front, the only noteworthy and praiseworthy achievement of this stay-at-home President is his decision *not* to go to the Philippines. No breakthroughs like Mr. Nixon's in Moscow and Peking. Of course, in April Mr. Reagan will make a hajj to the world's most populous Communist state. Our white knight is more welcome in the Middle Kingdom than in the Empire of Evil, and he knows that such photogenic excursions are invariably interpreted back home as diplomatic successes. But beyond showing that the Chinese are just as afraid of the Russians today as they were four years ago and thus in as much need of an American counterweight as ever, this exertion will prove only that the President is as bound as the rest of us by current criteria of diplomatic success.

Treaties and trips can be foreign policy successes, but to think they are the only kind is a fallacy of lawyers and television anchormen. It is a fallacy because, in the face of three significant and obvious achievements of the current Administration, it permits the continued parroting of the idea that Mr. Reagan has achieved none.

First, there is the Euromissile victory. There are some for whom hitching the word "missile" to "victory" makes an oxymoron, but that is a sentimental view. President Kennedy, for example, recognized them to be linked, and went to considerable lengths (and took considerable risks) in October 1962 to deny both to the Soviets in Cuba. What was at stake twenty years later in the long twilight struggle over I.N.F. deployments was no less than the detachment of Europe from the United States. The Soviet's huge arsenal of SS-20 missiles was designed exclusively for the intimidation of Western Europe. Had the Soviets been able to exercise a veto over a Western counterdeployment whose aim was never more than parity, NATO would have sustained the most serious setback in its history, and perhaps the last. The Soviets were acutely aware of the stakes, and that is precisely why they engaged in such a relentless effort to stop the deployment. They failed—in part because of their own clumsiness, in part because of the determination of apprehensive but unpanicky West European elites, and most importantly because of Mr. Reagan's steadfastness.

The Reagan Administration was carrying out a policy devised by its Democratic predecessor. Yet it is hard to think of a single Democratic candidate for President who would have toughed it out the way Mr. Reagan did. When Democratic candidates vaulted over each other in mid-1982 to support the freeze (even now they argue over who was first), they were endorsing a proposal that would have frozen the American I.N.F. missile level at zero. Even John Glenn, running as a centrist, proposed—on the eve of deployment, after the worst of the resistance to deployment had been overcome—a mindless "temporary" moratorium that would only have prolonged NATO turmoil for

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another twelve months, and, if anything, reduced the Soviets' incentive to come to some equitable compromise.

There are several reasons why this singular achievement is not called a success. First, as noted, because it involves missiles. Second, because there is nothing to put on camera. Third, because there was no gain, only the prevention of an enormous loss. There is nothing very sexy about preserving a threatened status quo. But on occasion, particularly an occasion where, as they say in the market, the downside risk is great, preserving the status quo—in this case, NATO—is a considerable achievement.

The second Reagan success, though comparably minor, was in Grenada. The success was not that the U.S. Army was able to overcome a platoon of Cuban teamsters, but that an American President could gain the support of the country for intervention against a particularly obnoxious regime aligned with the Soviet Union. In doing so, Mr. Reagan refuted the widely held assumption that such a thing was no longer possible. The demonstration that it is possible has already had salutary effect in places like Surinam, Nicaragua, and the Soviet Union.

The third success has been the rebuilding of American defenses. One may argue (and we have) that the President has spent too much; that Mr. Glenn's proposed 6 percent increase or Mr. Mondale's 4 are wiser than the President's 10. But as Mr. McGovern points out, to his dismay and our satisfaction, no one is talking any more about freezing or cutting defense spending. That is an achievement, and the Soviets know it.

WHAT DO these successes add up to? In an agitated attack on Reagan Administration foreign policy in the February 16 *New York Review of Books*, Seweryn Bialer acknowledges that "what the Soviets call 'the international correlation of forces' has shifted in favor of the United States. In short, the Soviets are in a hole." Sounds good. Yet the conventional wisdom ignores this remarkable reversal of the decline of American power and continues to speak of the absence of foreign policy successes. And Mr. Bialer, speaking for an even more curious foreign policy school, goes one better: he is distraught over this shift. Recently returned from the Soviet Union, he has discovered that the Soviets are aware and very upset about this reversal in their fortunes. They are angry, hurt, and frustrated. "What they can tolerate least of all," he warns, "is not to be taken seriously and not to be feared." Not to be taken seriously? The most common—and accurate—criticism of Mr. Reagan's foreign policy is that it takes the Soviets too seriously, and sees them as the root of every regional conflict. As for Soviet frustration at not being feared, should it be an object of American foreign policy to ensure that the Soviets enjoy the fear (of our friends, that is) they consider themselves entitled to?

Mr. Bialer is frightened by the change in the correlation of forces in the West's favor, because he believes it makes the Soviets more likely to take risks. If history is any guide, the contrary is true. The Soviets are cautious and intelligent. They take risks only in situations where they have a clear and undisputed advantage, as in Afghanistan or Eastern Europe. The world is a lot safer with a chastened than an emboldened Soviet Union. Better that they sulk than strut.

When one has grown too weak to resist one's adversary, appeasement is distasteful but necessary. When one has succeeded in redressing the decline of one's position in the world, appeasement is simply foolish.

The Reagan Administration has a lot to apologize for in domestic policy and in other areas of foreign policy. (See "Do Run Ron," TNR, February 13.) But it has no apologies to make for its part in reversing the "international correlation of forces." It is one thing to ignore—as does the conventional wisdom—that success. It is another to call it failure.

FOLLOW THE MONEY

One resilient legacy of our racist past is a widespread fear of criticizing black public figures and black institutions lest one be accused of being racist. A fascinating article by Robert Shogan and Nancy Skelton in the January 29 *Los Angeles Times* outlined how this inhibition has benefited Jesse Jackson. Reflecting what the political scientist Austin Ramney calls "a new version of affirmative action," Mr. Jackson has been accorded, write the *Times* reporters, "kid-glove treatment from rival candidates" and "a flood of almost entirely uncritical attention from the media." This, they note, is a "double standard" that helps.

For many months, however, knowledgeable Chicagoans have been suggesting that Mr. Jackson's finances and those of his PUSH network of organizations couldn't stand the scrutiny of investigative daylight. These suggestions have now been substantiated. *The Washington Post*, in a report by Rick Atkinson and Kevin Klose on January 27, turned up evidence demonstrating that Mr. Jackson was not exactly scrupulous in spending the many millions PUSH received during recent years from the federal government. No surprise there. Not much surprise either in the fact that this tribune of the poor paid himself a salary sufficiently handsome to put him in the top 1 percent of income earners in the country.

Jeff Gerth, writing in *The New York Times* on January 29, found evidence of something considerably more sleazy. The PUSH Foundation, it turned out, had received a $100,000 donation from the Arab League, the official confederation of twenty Arab states and the Palestine Liberation Organization. Two days later, it developed that there was actually a second $100,000 from the same source to another PUSH arm (and now comes news also of a "mysterious" $350,000 in an "anonymous" wire transfer to a PUSH bank account.) Then came the implausible denials, claiming that Mr. Jackson hadn't even known about the contributions, though they were the largest received and

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constituted a hefty proportion of "unrestricted" or finagle funds. The truth is that these donations were publicly solicited bribes. According to an article in the *Christian Science Monitor* in September 1979, Mr. Jackson preconditioned black political support for the Arab cause in the United States on Arab financial support for the black cause. If that were not forthcoming, Mr. Jackson threatened, "we will all learn to recite the alphabet without the letters: P, L, O." The threat worked, and Mr. Jackson has kept his side of the bargain. He continues to be rewarded in kind; on January 9, for example, the Saudi daily *Al-Jazirah* laid out a plan for worldwide Arab support of Mr. Jackson's candidacy.

MR. JACKSON justifies taking this money by saying that it's not illegal—a distressingly loose moral standard for a clergyman, if not, these days, for a politician. His aides pretend that PUSH's Arab League benefactors, among whom are counted Syria's President Assad and Libya's Colonel Qaddafi, were inspired to their largesse by humanitarian considerations. (For identification purposes, it should be remembered that the Arab League expelled Egypt from its ranks after the Camp David agreement, and that this excommunication still holds.) Mr. Jackson's attorney also seeks protective covering for the Arab cash emoluments in the fact that the Ford Foundation, CBS, and Merrill Lynch have also directed money to PUSH. But these contributions—motivated at best by vaguely benevolent urges, at worst by cowed silliness—are simply not comparable to the concrete transaction between an association of foreign governments, mostly anti-American, and a rising black star on the American horizon.

When Mr. Jackson first inserted himself into the turbulent currents of Middle Eastern conflict, he told the *Los Angeles Times* that his involvement "was evidence of the Divine Plan." No less! "The responsibility is just awesome, just knowing that millions of people are hanging on every word . . . I'm blessed, you see . . . I am a conduit . . . many ideas flow through and from me from the Lord . . . I stand at the very center of moral power. I speak with moral authority and no power is ultimately greater than that. The history books will prove it." But Mr. Jackson is not deluded; he is a deluder, not least of poor black church congregations, which in apparent violation of their tax status dedicate Sunday plate collections to his Presidential ambitions. (See *Time*, February 6.) These collections, by the way, are ideal for obscuring the real source of campaign money. Mostly, however, Mr. Jackson is up for bid; and it is a tragedy that he has not altogether unsuccessfully put parts of the black community up for bid, too. The press is beginning to wake up to this, and it should hardly be a matter of indifference to the other Democratic candidates, either. When they defer to Jesse Jackson and to his reflex of crying "racist," they make it appear to voters here and to the world that when the Arab League made its deal with PUSH, it bought into the opposition party, too.

NOTEBOOK

□ THE REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS are drafting American soldiers for a battle they were never meant to fight: the 1984 Presidential campaign. The script for President Reagan's State of the Union address (the first media extravaganza of his reelection drive) included an emotional Presidential tribute to Sergeant Stephen Trujillo, an Army medic who performed heroically in the Grenada invasion. Sergeant Trujillo, Mr. Reagan said, "is a person who reminds us what it means to be Americans." True enough. But he is also a person who reminds voters of the Administration's biggest foreign policy success, and with whom it serves Mr. Reagan to be associated as visibly and sentimentally as possible. In their taped response to the President's address, the Democrats countered with the story of Marine Corporal Eddie Gargano, recently buried in Quincy, Massachusetts. In 1982, said Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis, Eddie got an honorable discharge and returned home to Quincy. But Eddie couldn't find a job. So he reenlisted and went to Beirut, where a sniper's bullet took his life. Get the picture? The President caused the recession; the President, by implication, killed Eddie Gargano. Now, both parties are entitled to offer their views on the use of American military force overseas. But they don't have a right to exploit the reputations of individual soldiers for partisan purposes. The honor won by America's military heroes and martyrs belongs to the nation, not the politicians.

□ WHERE THERE IS DEATH, there is hope, said Sir Maurice Bowra. His words are a small slice of comfort as we contemplate the aggressions of the Ayatollah Khomeini. After all, this powerful tyrant who has declared war on America cannot live forever. But a crushing piece of news has reached our office. The Ayatollah's *mother* is still alive.

□ TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The Beatles are a semi-pro group out of Liverpool said to be worth $17 million a year on the strength of their one act which rouses memories of the Nairobi Trio. The Nairobi Trio were three gorillas who used to appear on television playing one simple little tune over and over again. At a pre-concert press conference in Washington, John Lennon, 23, George Harrison, 21, Paul McCartney, 21, and Ringo Starr, 23, appeared chewing gum. The following exchange took place, with McCartney doing most of the talking. Where did you get the name Beatles? I thought of it. Why? Why not. Did you come to America in a spirit of revenge? No, we just came to make money. How long will the Beatles last? As long as you keep coming. What do you think of criticisms that you are not very good? We're not. What are you going to do in Washington? Sleep. Are you afraid of mobs? No, we enjoy them." ("The Feeling of Youth," by James Ridgeway, February 21, 1964.)

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WHITE HOUSE WATCH

BAKER TAKES THE CAKE

DEMONSTRATING their customary devotion to errant causes, Republican conservatives mounted an urgent lobbying campaign late last month to prevent Richard Darman, the White House's moderate Republican idea man, from moving into the spacious and sunny West Wing office vacated by Attorney General-designate Edwin Meese. It is a matter of dispute how intensely Darman had pushed to move from his basement quarters into the coveted office facing the White House front lawn, occupied in past Administrations by National Security Advisers Henry Kissinger, Brent Scowcroft, and Zbigniew Brzezinski. It's clear, though, that President Reagan was informed that Darman would take the Meese office, and assented. Then the conservatives intervened, through Meese himself and through top officials of the Reagan reelection committee, to block the shift. As a result, Darman will not get Meese's office. It will go instead to Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver, whose present space next to the Oval Office will be taken by the President himself as a private study. Darman, however, will be situated right next to the President's office, taking part of Deaver's old suite and space just vacated by departing communications director David Gergen. Darman, the conservatives' bête noire, will be even closer to the President than if the right had left well enough alone. The right can comfort itself in the knowledge that a door connecting Darman's office with the President's will be locked, but it should be warned that a new door may be cut so that Darman's suite connects directly to that of White House Chief of Staff James Baker.

The bottom line of all these moves is that the first floor of the White House West Wing shortly will be occupied exclusively by Ronald Reagan and the team of "pragmatists" that the right has been battling for three years now. The team includes Baker, who was previously campaign manager for Reagan rivals Gerald Ford and George Bush; Vice President Bush himself; Deaver, who is the aide personally closest to the President and his wife; and now Darman, formerly an aide to Elliot Richardson, and a key inventor of legislative strategies and compromises. The right-wing weekly *Human Events* lamented this situation with a front-page headline saying, "Meese's White House Departure Leaves Conservative Void." The accompanying article noted that "with Meese gone from the White House, the Baker and Deaver 'pragmatists' will emerge as even more powerful influences over the Presidency."

This is true enough, but it is actually only the culmination of a gradual flow of power that has been under way ever since Reagan's inauguration. Reagan, though he strikes liberals as a dogmatic ideologue, actually has a strong pragmatic streak. He likes to succeed and he is willing to vest power in people who can get things done for him. So even though Baker had been a key aide to Reagan's political opponents, Reagan made him chief of staff when urged to do so by Deaver, Mrs. Reagan, and California political consultant Stuart Spencer. Baker was put in charge of "administration" of the White House, and Meese, a top aide when Reagan was California governor, received the "policy" portfolio. Baker brought in subordinates with extensive prior Washington experience—Darman, Congressional liaison man Max Friedersdorf, counsel Fred Fielding, Budget Director David Stockman, Gergen—while Meese tended to appoint ideologists. Fierce turf battles raged during the early months of the Administration, but inevitably "administration" or "policy implementation" (Baker's domain) overtook "policy development" (Meese's).

Part of the reason was the need to negotiate with Congress. "Policy" developed by Meese's side of the White House had to be adjusted to get passed, and Darman invented the Legislative Strategy Group, chaired by Baker, as the cockpit of compromise on such issues as budgets, defense spending, taxes, and social issues. Then Meese and his aides made mistakes—Meese's pre-Christmas remarks about hunger are only the latest example—and tended to get out-maneuvered by Baker and his associates. And in a clash, Deaver (the third man in the so-called "troika") usually sided with Baker. Deaver is said by White House aides to be neither adept at nor interested in the substance of government policy—he is a public relations man by profession—but only in the political and personal welfare of Ronald Reagan. Besides scheduling the President and controlling access to the Oval Office, Deaver's power is said to lie in the distribution of power among others. He does not exercise control day to day, but plays a pivotal role at crucial moments. For example, he reportedly was responsible for ousting Richard Allen as Reagan's first national security adviser, removing foreign policy from Meese's domain, and bringing in William Clark for the security adviser's job. Deaver also engineered the ouster of Alexander Haig as Secretary of State and encouraged Reagan to accept the idea that Clark, another Baker rival and defender of pure Reagan ideology, should be allowed to move to the Department of Interior when James Watt resigned.

"THERE USED to be a Big Three running the White House," said one official, referring to Baker, Meese, and Deaver. "Then [with Clark] there was a Big Four. Then it was back to three, and now there's a Big Two." *Human Events* quotes a Meese ally as saying, "This is depressing as hell. Sixty days ago it was two against two, Clark and Meese against Baker and Deaver. Now it's two to zip. All the pressure is going to come from the wrong side."

Yet the conservatives ought to be cheering, not complaining. In this election year, management of both the government and the Reagan campaign is in the most capable hands imaginable for this Administration. The debili-

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tating personal and ideological conflicts of the past are over. Baker is basically in charge. At the White House, the two remaining offices that reported to Meese—the domestic policy shop headed by Californian Jack Svahn and the cabinet office headed by Craig Fuller—will report to Baker. There is some talk that a Policy Development Group may be formed, paralleling the Legislative Strategy Group, to devise domestic initiatives for a second Reagan term, including a tax simplification plan and deficit-closing program. The only major policy item for the remainder of this term, the so-called "down payment" on the deficit, will be negotiated (if Congress is willing to bargain) by the L.S.G., that is, by Baker and Darman.

There is another symbol of Baker's dominance. Since the beginning of this year, what's described as "the real senior staff meeting" has convened every morning in his office at 8:15. This is preceded at 8 A.M. by a much larger meeting in the Roosevelt Room of the sixteen officials with the rank of assistant to the President, plus some subordinates, but this "senior staff meeting" basically consists of a review of the President's schedule and the major policy and public relations initiatives that the Administration is pushing. "No decisions get made at that meeting," one official said, "and really there's very little discussion because people are so conscious of the possibility of leaks." The group that then retires to Baker's office has included Baker, Meese, Deaver, National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane, Darman, chief spokesman Larry Speakes, Fuller, Deaver aide Mike McManus, public affairs aide Michael Baroody, and Baker's executive assistant, Margaret Tutweiler, who is also White House liaison to the reelection campaign.

IN THE EARLY days of the Administration, Meese, Baker, and Deaver used to gather for breakfast each morning, but that custom stopped more than a year ago. The three aides have been meeting with the President daily from 9:05 to 9:30 A.M. Soon Baker and Deaver will do so alone. Some conservatives have suggested rather hopefully that Meese and Clark can increase the power of the cabinet in governing the workings of the Reagan Administration, but the classic rule of White House power still applies: propinquity is everything. The major business of the White House gets transacted not in formal meetings, but in ad hoc conversations that occur as problems arise. Meese and Clark will remain influential, but they will be a phone call or a limousine ride away; Baker, Deaver, and Darman are just down the hall. One White House observer described their influence this way: "Deaver is the President's friend. Baker is his organization man, and Darman is Baker's think tank." Of the three, Deaver may be closest to Reagan personally, but Baker is preeminent politically.

Baker is also effectively in charge of the Reagan reelection effort, as symbolized by the fact that the weekly 10:30 A.M. Tuesday meeting of top campaign officials is held in his office, too, not at Reagan-Bush committee offices near Capitol Hill. According to a senior campaign official quoted by Steven Weisman in *The New York Times*, "Baker has direct involvement in everything we do. He can make things happen. He understands our needs. He is truly the chief of the whole team." The one potential source of trouble in the campaign entourage could have been Lyn Nofziger, a conservative stalwart who formerly headed the White House political office and did regular battle with Baker on appointments and policy. However, Stuart Spencer, who is a senior consultant and strategist in the campaign, won Nofziger's agreement to avoid fights and concentrate on the business of reelecting Reagan.

ALTHOUGH "pragmatists" are in charge of everything right now, a major question is: Who will run things if Reagan gets reelected? Depending on the answer, Reagan might have as basically smooth-running and popular a second term as his first has been, or it might be raucous, ideological, and polarizing. Liberal Democrats may think the first term has been all of that, but it might have been much worse. The pragmatists have been able to moderate Reagan tax cuts with a gasoline tax increase and the 1982 corporate tax adjustment, to lower exorbitant Pentagon budget requests, to prevent an all-out fight for a constitutional amendment banning abortion, to counsel caution in cutting social programs, and to discourage foreign policy adventures such as "going to the source" (i.e., Cuba) to stop communism in Central America. It's not clear how much the pragmatists act out of moderate Republican conviction and how much out of perception of the need to cooperate with Congress and operate somewhere near the mainstream of American politics in order to succeed. Either way, though, things would have been very different if Baker & Company had not been in charge.

Baker has served notice that he does not want to be in charge at the White House after this year. It was widely reported that when William French Smith quit as Attorney General, Baker asked for the job, but that apparently was a story put out by Baker adversaries to undercut him. Baker knew Meese stood ahead of him in line for Justice, and anyway, Baker wants something bigger in a second term—State, Defense, Treasury, or the C.I.A. When Clark left to be Secretary of Interior, Baker did try to become national security adviser and gain direct foreign policy experience—he now sits on the National Security Council—and later he seriously considered an offer to become baseball commissioner, but now he is said to be set on staying through the campaign.

Who would replace Baker in a second term? Several possibilities have been suggested, some of them plausible and desirable, some of them downright dangerous. Possibly the best for Reagan and for the sake of competent government is that the President would ask Baker to stay on for the first six months of the new Administration, to help get the 1984 election mandate enacted into law and a new team of qualified officials appointed to office. The next best probably would be the appointment of another "pragmatist" to replace Baker. Darman almost certainly would be vetoed by conservatives, but former Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis—the man who fired striking air

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traffic controllers in the PATCO dispute—would not.

Yet another possibility is that Deaver would take over as chief of staff, as he would have had conservatives not blocked Baker from becoming national security adviser. Deaver's lack of experience and interest in the workings of government, however, would prevent him from being the political and policy maneuverer that Baker has been. He would need a subordinate who could fill that role—possibly Darman, either as deputy chief of staff or as director of the Office of Management and Budget.

The dangerous possibility is that Reagan might shift away from the pragmatists and put an ideologue in charge of his government—say, William Clark, who as national security adviser instituted a draconian set of anti-leak policies, generally condemned any tendencies toward compromise with Congress, and advocated a hard line against foreign allies and adversaries. It's true that Ronald Reagan has a pragmatic streak, but he is also a conservative ideologue. The country has been lucky that people who reinforce the former side of the "real Reagan" have been running things. Conservatives who detest them ought to consider themselves lucky, too, because the Baker crew may be able to get Reagan reelected. What's worrisome is that in January 1985 the wrong people may come to power and encourage the dark side of the "real Reagan."

MORTON KONDRACKE

How not to be a freelance writer.

MY BRUTAL CAREER

THERE ARE now some thirty-seven books describing "how to" be a freelance writer, and the editors of the major freelancer mags—*Write, Write On, Write Right, Write! Write!, American Freelancer, Freelancing American, Word Mover,* and *Key Banger*—tell me they *each* get about seventy proposals a year for general info pieces for beginners.

So you'd think the market is pretty much tapped out. But that's the thing about freelancing: don't give up, there's always a fresh way to kick an old horse, especially if you use your own unique perspective to give the topic a fresh new twist. (Label that Lesson Number One.)

What *I* did was notice how all this stuff is written in a "how I made it" style by successful freelancers. But you don't hear from people who, for lack of a better term, I'll call "failures"—people who could tell you, "Here's what didn't work for me and probably won't work for you either."

That—failure—is my turf, my "unique perspective." In the two years since I graduated from college I've sent 2,376 proposals for articles, short stories, and humor pieces to most of the magazines and newspapers listed in *Writer's Market 1981*, and to some that aren't listed there or anywhere else, even in local phone books. To be honest, I was not doing well, having not ever sold anything.

But it's *so* crucial for freelancers to persevere (Lesson Number Two). The same day I got rejection number 2,374 (for a proposal to write a one-act CB slanguage verse drama for *CB Times*—it had already been done), and 2,375 (40 "Off Key" haiku sent to *Pequod*, a little review. . . . "Off Key" haiku, my invention, are produced by writing a poem, then touch-typing it with your fingers based one key to the right of the home row—thus, "Windless autumn day/gold blue red yellow gray green/goodbye summertime" becomes, "Eomf;rdd siyi,m fsu/hp;f n;ir trf ur;;pd htsu htrrm/hppfnur di,,rtyo,r". . . . Too avant-garde, the *Pequod* guys said. . . . Anyway, I pushed on, and that very day I sent the proposal for this article, my 113th query to this magazine:

Dear Sirs:

Hey, remember me? Yep, I'm still here. Firstly, I wish to inform you that since I've heard nothing re my proposal to write a short story about a young man who dreams of becoming a writer, I've taken the liberty of sending it to *Oh Yeah!*, a Missouri-based publication for youth. Secondly I have a proposal (250 wds):

We all know the strong spirit of the independent writer is a strength, but did you know it's also a weakness? Because we are loners, we don't communicate well. What should we be talking about? Obviously about what works, what's good, what sells. But more important and certainly more overlooked is what *doesn't* work. Like, when I'm working on a proposal I often think to myself, "Suppose this has been tried already and failed?" I have no way of knowing. If I did, I might stop right there, saving my and your time, and my postage.

I propose then a piece designed to get the ball of cooperation rolling: a discussion of article ideas and techniques that, based on my experience, it seems to be pretty much the case that the pro magazines do not want. This could ultimately lead to an informal information network or a newsletter.

The tone of the piece would be casual and informative, perhaps funny in parts—never whiney.

Thanking you sincerely in advance for your cooperation and waiting anxiously for your reply I remain,

Rudy Hollis Dubble Jr.

A few days later I got this acceptance letter, which also explained the "conditions":

Dear Mr. Dubble:

We are anxious to read and use your piece. Our acceptance of it is contingent, however, on one condition—a demand actually—that may seem harsh to you at first, but we really *do* believe you'll see the wisdom of it in time. We've taken the liberty of drawing up an author's contract in which you pledge, upon publication, to leave the profession for a period of . . . well, forever. We would pay $5,500 for a package containing the piece *and* the contract. Please make the article no more than 7 pages.

Sincerely,

Pelly Jahoie
Assistant Editor

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Dad said the letter was an insult but I should do it anyway. It did seem like a low blow, but I guess I have a very high tolerance for editorial cruelty, because it didn't bother me long, and then I thought what with the vanishing market for quality fiction, spiraling publishing costs leading to fewer magazines, declining literacy, the lowest common denominator, and whatnot, that I'd leave the profession anyway.

BUT MAN, where to start? Generalizing about the lessons of 2,375 ideas is tough. In terms of overall general philosophy (Lesson Three), I will say this: you younger writers may as well put your idealism on a shelf and get used to the fact that to write the stuff you care about (fiction and humor for me) you'll probably have to wordsmith for airline and trade mags (*Aloft!*, *Trash Times*) just to keep stamps on the table. I know I would have.

Like, I proposed a satire about environmentalists' whining for *The Driller*, even though I think they *should* whine. I still feel bad about that. And I sent a query called, "The New Kumini 29mm Microelectronic Shovelhead RP 699 Carbs: Better than the RP 577?" to *Dirtbyte*, a magazine for computerized motorcycle parts enthusiasts, even though I didn't care about the 699 *or* the 577, and if they come out with a 736 I don't even want to hear about it.

Ditto with proposals about the inanity of motorcycle helmet laws for *Two Wheel Mind*, the state-of-the-art in solid-state robotics technology for *American Taxidermist*, "The Coming Revolution in American Commercial Transport: Blimps" for *Anything Goes*, "A Working Mother's First-Person Perspective" for *Family Woman*, "A Working Mother's Double Life" for *Talk Dirty to Me*, and "Jackson (Memphis, Birmingham, Shreveport, Baton Rouge, Athens): the Oft-Missed Gem Among Southern Cities" for *Jackson!*, *Memphis!*, *Memphis Outlook*, *Shreveport!*, *Baton Rouge!* and *Athens!*.

Well, as long as I'm going, here are a few more "favorites": "The Specter of Chew-Toy Death: One Family's Story," for *BL World*, a magazine for owners of black Labrador retrievers. No response. I sent it during the middle of a buyout by *BL Country*, and they must have lost it.

"Alexander Solzhenitsyn's Advice to a Daughter" for *Family Circle*. They said it was a good idea, but they would rather see a completed piece than just a proposal. Then Solzhenitsyn wouldn't cooperate.

"After the 600 Series, What?" A piece about amateur bowler burnout that I queried *Trenton Bowlin' Lady* with. Also sent them a tasty recipe for a bowling-ball-shaped dessert, the Brunswick Pie.

Sent 113 Gag Ideas, with sketches, to Don Chaz Laffs Ltd. in Chicago. Full range of material including desert island, execs in the board room, airline girlie (not gross), "The End Is Near," mother-in-law, talking dog, elephant-and-mouse, monkey-and-scientists, etc. Also some multiple-Santa stuff that I *still* think could be used (I made the mistake of sending those panels in the summer—they just weren't thinking Xmas yet).

I also have two-thirds of a great "You Know What Bugs Me?" piece. The problem is that unless you're famous nobody cares what bugs you. So, some of you very well-known types who have been approached about writing a crabby article might find some of these babies of interest:

You Know What Bugs Me?

Grown Men who are named "Skeeter."

How hot dogs come in packs of ten but buns come in packs of twelve.

Those built-in "sharpeners" on the back of a 64-box of crayons. All they really do is eat up your colors so you have to buy another box sooner.

Also on crayons: ones like Sepia and Raw Umber that you never use, and that bluish color called Cornflower. Have any of you ever seen a blue flower growing on corn? I, for one, have not. And why do they call the flesh color "Peach"? If I were served a peach that color I would not eat it.

I'm running out of space. One last thing I wanted to get to is an idea I consider my most useful and best: the fiction proposal. Fiction is *so* potentially discouraging, being as you have to work so hard on something that is very likely to get rejected in today's tight market. On these other things you just get an idea, tap out the proposal, and put it in the mail. No problem. But with fiction you're supposed to send in a finished story. Put in two or three days on a quality short story and wait three months for a vague rejection and you'll see how depressing this can be.

SO I came up with the short-story proposal gimmick—a real timesaver. Some of you guys should definitely try it (Lesson Four). The fact that I never successfully marketed one does not necessarily reflect badly on the technique itself: it may simply be too novel for most editors. Here's the one I sent to *Oh Yeah!*:

Dear Sirs:

I should very much like to write a short fictive work for you dealing with the subject of the spiritual vacuity of a 22-year-old young man who has left his home town of (flexible, prefer Muscatine, Iowa) to "make it" in New York as a (flexible, prefer writer) and who (plot flexible; as are characters, tone, point of view—prefer first-person present and sparse description and internal rather than external conflict).

I envision the story as one which puts the youth through a series of rapid changes, perhaps linking him up with some of New York's more colorful characters (con men, boy geniuses, hookers). He is left confused. Can add love and sex angle upon request; heterosexuality preferred.

Why does your magazine need a story about a lone youth? Simple: the story is a metaphor for America herself: rapidly changing, restless, moving. But where are we going? A question we all would do well to ask. But all of us, like the boy, must answer it alone.

I realize fiction proposals are unconventional; and realizing the editorial difficulties inherent in commissioning a short story by an untested writer, I would offer the following for your consideration re my fiction-writing ability:

Mitch squinted and glared into the afternoon haze, narrowing his eyes to the size of the beans, and the pork, that now were his daily fare since leaving the land of his fathers and

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mothers—Iowa. Such was his lot. Road work was hard work, full of tar and sound and fury, signifying nothing insomuch as the quest for experience that had led him on the road away from family ties. He, as the train thundered by, wondered, "Why had he done it?" Was his dream, of becoming a writer, worth it? The train rumbled deeper into the Middle West, interrupting his daytime reverie, bespeaking of better times to come as it went, times that could be, now, leaving him very very far behind.

Thanking you in advance, etc.

Rudy Hollis Dubble Jr.

The technique you can have, no charge. And, as of this morning, the specific plot is available also, courtesy of *Oh Yeah!* magazine (they said it was too scary for their readers). As for any of my other ideas, they are all priced to move quickly. For example, I would be willing to part with the pet peeve stuff for $25. You can reach me care of this magazine for a month. After that I don't know. Maybe I'll visit the land of my fathers and mothers for a while (they'll always forward a letter to me), maybe I'll start the newsletter, maybe go to journalism school. Then, who knows? Maybe I'll fix myself up with a new pen name and start all over. Ha ha, editors, just kidding.

ALEX HEARD

Alex Heard's last piece for THE NEW REPUBLIC was "From Chicago Resident to U.S. President."

The invisible hand that feeds the cults.

MESSIANIC CAPITALISM

BY LAURENCE GRAFSTEIN

"THE MATERIALLY poor can never become spiritual," says "Bhagwan" Shree Rajneesh, a freelance messiah whose burgeoning operation in Antelope, Oregon, has transformed this formerly unobtrusive mountain community. The Bhagwan's neat inversion of the teachings of Christ might serve as a motto for cult leaders who personally identify themselves with (or as) the Almighty. The thought may have occurred to Rajneesh during a spin in one of his twenty-seven Rolls Royces: he seems to be well down the road to material self-fulfillment.

The same cannot be said of the eight hundred disciples who comprise his personal labor force. Clad solely in red, "the color of the sun," they work twelve hours a day, seven days a week, with half a day off a month in return for three vegetarian meals a day and accommodation in a trailer. If they begin to grow weary, they can console themselves by consulting *Nirvana: The Last Nightmare*, one of Rajneesh's 350 books, published by the Academy of Rajneeshism: "Cleaning a floor can be a tremendously creative act."

Estimates of the number of people who belong to America's three thousand or so cults and sects range from three million to thirteen million. Both popular and academic wisdom treat the phenomenon as part cause, part consequence of the breakdown of social harmony, as a symptom of the decline of traditional institutions and the rise of anomie. But cults hold economic fascination as well. They are, in short, a capitalist success story.

Rajneesh, who faces deportation by the Immigration and Naturalization Service because he lacks permanent-residency status, prefers to let his money do the talking: he took a vow of silence two years ago when he arrived in Oregon, by way of ashrams in Poona, India, and Montclair, New Jersey, and has not uttered a word in public since. His capitalist empire, though, speaks volumes. The sixty-four thousand-acre Oregon farm he bought for $6 million ("Rancho Rajneesh") houses the Rajneesh International Meditation University, the Rajneesh Buddhafield Garage, the Rajneesh Buddhafield Welding Shop, Noah's Ark Rajneesh Boutique, the Rajneesh Bakery and Café, the Rajneesh Restaurant and Nightclub, the weekly *Rajneesh Times*, the Hotel Rajneesh, and Air Rajneesh.

This crude summary cannot do justice to a complex that includes computer services, carpentry, a bicycle shop, a jewelry shop, a bookstore that takes in $75,000 a month, an educational program including courses such as Rajneesh Rebalancing and Rajneesh Dehypnotherapy, a $1.5 million dam, a two-tiered shopping mall, a poultry and dairy farm (fifteen hundred eggs and three hundred gallons of milk a day), sixty canoes, a twenty-horse stable, a flock of sheep, three thousand acres of wheat crops, one hundred beehives, and the twenty-seven Rolls Royces. Rajneesh Investment Corporation regularly resells the Rolls Royces at a profit, in what one cult spokesman told

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The New York Times was a "great investment scam." And on top of all this, Rajneesh's disciples have enraged Antelope's hundred residents by taking political control of the town—and quadrupling local taxes.

Rajneesh is not one to let controversy—whether it is local unrest or immigration problems—impede his plans. His "World Celebration" festival last July, featuring the cult's characteristic combination of quiet prayer and animated dancing, cost $9 million. But the fifteen thousand devotees who showed up were charged from $500 to $3,000 (depending on the length of stay), and the cult pocketed a tidy $12 million. None of this relentless economic activity conflicts with the philosophy of Rajneesh. As "the blessed one" writes in *The Wild Geese and the Water*, "Matter is the outer side of spirit, spirit is the inner side of matter." Or, more concisely, "Socialism is impotent." Hare capital.

All told, Rajneesh's assets come to a potent $60 million. But Rajneesh differs from other cult leaders only in his willingness to boast about his business successes. In general the secretive nature of cults and their status as religious organizations make financial scrutiny difficult. Occasionally, though, details surface which reinforce the suspicion that cults are a growth industry. A recent lawsuit involving the Church of Scientology is a case in point.

Scientology's founder, a former pulp science fiction writer named L. Ron Hubbard, has not been seen or heard from since February 1980. His son, Ron DeWolf, initiated a missing person's proceeding that seeks to place in trusteeship Hubbard's personal assets of $100 million. The day before the court was to decide, attorneys for the church filed a legal declaration signed by Hubbard saying that he was simply in seclusion. On the strength of the testimony of handwriting experts, the court ruled that Hubbard is alive. This finding may or may not be as accurate as DeWolf's estimate of Scientology's net worth—$400 million.

EVERY entrepreneurial venture, however modest, needs headquarters. Because few cult leaders can be accused of humility, real estate takes on added importance. According to Willa Appel's new book, *Cults in America*, the Way International—an evangelical cult that maintains its own police department and weapons training program in Knoxville, Ohio—has an estimated $8 million in property in seven states. Synanon, a well-known sect that got its start as a heroin detoxification program, had a fraction of its California real estate valued at $8.5 million. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church owns American real estate holdings worth at least $200 million. Even the more obscure cults do well enough. The Church Universal and Triumphant—headed by "Guru Ma" Elizabeth Clare Prophet, who purports to be the reincarnation of His female aspect—admits to real estate investments that net more than $500,000 a year.

But the desire to acquire real estate has lately taken a back seat to the hottest trend in the cult industry: the drive to diversify. To be sure, the International Society for Krishna Consciousness does have thirty-eight temples, ten farms, a gold-leaf and marble palace worth untold millions in West Virginia, and another $8 million palace in the planning stages to be built in northern California. Still, Krishna's thirty-six restaurants, its publishing firm, and its incense factory show that its eleven leaders have shrewdly spread their assets. And if these businesses fall on hard times despite the cult's entrepreneurial acumen, Krishna can always rely on panhandling to improve its cash flow. A 1979 article in *The Reader's Digest* reports that in 1976 Krishna's highly disciplined solicitation teams supposedly collected $762,208 in Los Angeles alone.

DIVERSIFICATION in the cult industry takes many forms. "Guru Ma" invests in yachts and runs two "spiritual universities" to which students pay thousands of dollars a year for the privilege of listening to taped lectures, which explain the theory of "thought reform." The Tony and Susan Alamo Christian Foundation, a secretive cult which draws disciples to its operating centers in Arkansas, California, and Tennessee, convinces its members to work long hours in return for food, shelter, and $5 a week (often confiscated in fines for such infractions as walking on Tony's lawn). *People* magazine reported last June that before Susan died of cancer in 1982—an event that stunned followers who believed in her immortality—she prophesied that California was about to fall into the ocean. This, however, has not persuaded Tony to give up his luxurious home in Saugus, California. The foundation runs a cement company, a ranch, a restaurant, a candy distributorship, a gas station, and a factory that designs clothes for country-and-western entertainers. Aspiring capitalists should remember the Alamos: they reportedly have holdings of at least $25 million, exclusive of cash.

But the apotheosis of the cult leader as entrepreneur (despite Rajneesh's serious challenge) remains the man whose Washington, D.C., newspaper has entertained the following luminaries at lunch in the past year: Caspar Weinberger, James Watt, William Casey, Edwin Meese, James Baker, Malcolm Baldridge, John Block, and Richard Nixon. Sun Myung Moon is to cults what Henry Ford was to cars.

The "Reverend" and the Reagan Administration have a common belief in the cult of capitalism. Moon takes risks: he spent $42 million on the revisionist movie *Inchon*, which flopped miserably, and he has reportedly sunk $50 million into its daily paper, *The Washington Times*. Moon also owns two newspapers in Uruguay and recently deposited $61 million in Uruguayan banks. He owns $75 million worth of New York real estate. He owns art galleries. He owns a pharmaceutical company. He owns restaurants, a publishing house, a rug-cleaning business, a printing company, a ginseng business, a fishing industry. He owns factories in Korea that turn out grenade launchers and M-16 rifle parts. He once owned controlling interest of a Washington, D.C., bank.

The Washington Dossier, the capital's glossy magazine for

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the well-heeled, recently reported that Richard Viguerie drummed up nearly $1 million for a Moon front group called the Korean Cultural and Freedom Foundation. "They have deep pockets," Viguerie told the *Dossier* with understated candor. And Moonies, like Krishna devotees, have shown themselves adept at fundraising. The Unification Church's solicitors, according to *Cults in America*, rake in at least $25 million annually from street sales of candy, flowers, and the like.

How do these cult leaders do it? For one thing, they persuade or occasionally coerce their members to part with worldly possessions. This makes it harder to attain Rajneesh's precondition for spirituality, but the leader's venture capital has to come from somewhere. Before Jim Jones led his minions to commit mass suicide in Guyana, he had led them to turn over $10 million to the People's Temple. Scientology siphons capital from its initiates by charging them about $5,000 (approximately $150 an hour) for introductory courses in "dianetics," billed as "self-help" or "auditing." The Way International charges anywhere from $200 to $10,000 for "Doctor" Victor Paul Wierwille's "Power for Abundant Living" course.

THE ENTREPRENEURS also benefit from a captive work force dedicated to the goals of the cult—making converts and making money, not necessarily in that order. Moon's street solicitors reportedly have a daily minimum requirement of $100 in sales. Because such panhandling requires no receipts, moreover, it is an excellent way to launder cash from illicit operations. Another well-known tactic in the cult industry is to keep members in poverty and then encourage them to apply for welfare. Many cults, claiming higher purposes, don't pay their members at all. Anrita Pritam of Rancho Rajneesh told *The Los Angeles Times*, "My work is my worship, my meditation." She used to be Shannon Jo Ryan, daughter of Representative Leo Ryan, whose slaying in Guyana led Jim Jones to give the mass-suicide order. Now she confirms indirectly that cult leaders thrive on exploitation. "Brainwashing imposed by our society—the conditioning we have learned—is washed away here." In other words, she has been disabused of the notion that employees ought to get paid. Here the cult leaders have a comparative advantage over secular capitalists.

Each cult, then, flourishes in large part because of the attractiveness of its monism. The absolutist demands of a cult leader seduce devotees into sacrificing welfare for the sake of the messianic cause—to the point where even Rajneesh's twenty-five superfluous Rolls Royces (granting that every messiah needs at least two) do not seem redundant to his materially deprived charges.

It is ironic that so many different cults with competing absolutist claims can succeed in the marketplace. And it is more ironic that such absolutist monism can only flourish because of liberal pluralism.

The First Amendment stipulates that government should not interfere with religious affairs, thereby enshrining tolerance. Intolerant cults rarely have the democratic manners to separate church and state. Rajneesh, for instance, held his elaborate "World Celebrations" over the objection of nonadherents in the town. Tony Alamo recently handpicked the mayor of Dyer, Arkansas. These cults have nonetheless enjoyed the tax-exempt status accorded all religious organizations. What's more, cults that manage to get classified as churches are released from the duty to file annual financial disclosure reports with the Internal Revenue Service. This means that they can keep their business dealings under wraps.

Like clever capitalists, they have taken full advantage of this gaping tax loophole—usually by redirecting tax-free funds into profit-making enterprises. When they get caught, they can afford good lawyers. A Congressional House subcommittee concluded in 1978 that Moon had "systematically" violated "tax, immigration, banking, currency, and Foreign Registration Act laws as well as local laws relating to charity fraud." His commercial crusade continues unimpeded. So do his political and religious crusades. The Moon cult teaches that Jesus was the bastard son of Mary and the prophet Zechariah, that the Holocaust was retribution for the death of Christ, that whites are superior to blacks, and that a certain 50ish Korean businessman is the messiah who will soon unify the world. "I am your brain," Moon says. "Every people or every organization that goes against the Unification Church will gradually come down and die."

Because Congress and the Supreme Court will probably not support a full disclosure law, tracking the economic record of cults will remain a haphazard affair. The Reagan Administration will no doubt continue to fawn over Moon's ultraconservative newspaper, a transparent attempt to gain access and influence in the nation's capital. But perhaps the Administration's readiness to help confer legitimacy on a notorious cult leader should not be surprising. "Capitalism is not an ideology, it is not imposed on the society, it is a natural growth," Rajneesh has said. "Capitalism simply gives you the freedom to be yourself, that's why I support it." Could Ronald Reagan himself have put it better?

RAJNEESH, Moon, and their competitors practice what they preach, at least in part. They plainly support capitalism, but whether they give their minions "freedom" is another matter. They certainly don't give them decent wages. Just how "natural" is their mixture of mind control and materialism? One of our most cherished assumptions is that the pursuit of material happiness coexists uneasily with the pursuit of spiritual happiness, regardless of whether workers voluntarily relinquish their rightful share. The cult leader's brand of unbridled capitalism stands this assumption on its head. It exploits devotees and it exploits everyone else. Conservative admirers of unchecked capitalism should accordingly appreciate its limits. The rise of the cult leader as entrepreneur has both depended on and contributed to the anomie, to the social disintegration, that conservatives abhor. Even slavish defenders of capitalism have to wonder about slaves.

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Equality versus 'equal security.'

THE RUSSIANS' NUCLEAR GAMBIT

BY EUGENE V. ROSTOW

FRANÇOIS Mitterand has characterized the nuclear impasse at Geneva as the most serious East-West crisis since the Berlin airlift and the Cuban missile crisis. He understates the case. This time, the Soviet Union is not trying to take over an outpost along the boundary of the two systems—a pawn in what the Soviet Union still treats as the Great Game of old-fashioned European imperialism. On the contrary, the Soviet leaders are playing for checkmate, and without cost or risk to themselves.

It has long been conventional wisdom that the key to the difference between the Soviet and the American styles in foreign relations is that chess is the Russian national game and poker the American. There is some truth in that old wheeze, but not much. Despite decades of costly international experience, the American mind still dreams about the golden century of isolationism between 1815 and 1917, and doesn't accept the implacable fact that we have no choice but to play the Great Game of world politics ourselves every day, and not in fits and starts. We have not yet learned to think like a great power. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union plays hard and well, on the basis of meticulous preparation, in the ancient tradition of chess.

It is clear what the Soviet leaders are up to. While the Russians distract us by secondary though important moves in the Caribbean and the Middle East, they are lunging to neutralize Western Europe by detaching it from the United States. Arms agreements at Geneva are the weapons on which the Soviet leaders are relying to bring about this mutation in world affairs.

The Soviet gambit recalls a classical form of Chinese warfare in which each army is deployed in battle array while the two generals watch and drink tea. After each studies the deployments and maneuvers, one says to the other, "You have won" and surrenders.

The Western publics expect too much of arms control agreements. They have forgotten the wise warning of Salvador de Madariaga, who lived through the futile efforts of the League of Nations to achieve disarmament before World War II. Disarmament can be achieved, de Madariaga said, only in a generally peaceful world. "Otherwise, disarmament conferences invariably result in agreements to have more armaments." Good arms control agreements can be useful adjuncts to an effective Western foreign policy for achieving stability, but poor agreements can do a great deal of harm in preventing the United States from doing what is necessary to assure the peaceful protection of its national security interests.

The goal of the Soviet negotiators at Geneva is to obtain agreements that acknowledge the Soviet Union's "right" to nuclear superiority and thus make it impossible for the United States to prevent or offset such superiority. The Soviet Union is hoping that political pressure in Europe, Japan, and the U.S. will force President Reagan or his successor to swallow nuclear arms agreements on Soviet terms. If the Soviet leaders should succeed in achieving this goal, they rightly believe, American security treaties and other guarantees would lose all deterrent credibility. Bowing to the inevitable, Western Europe, Japan, China, and many other countries under the American nuclear umbrella would make appropriate accommodations to Soviet nuclear hegemony. The United States would of necessity pull back from military positions in Europe, the Mediterranean, the Persian Gulf, the Far East, a good deal of the Atlantic, and even parts of the Caribbean. The world balance of power would be irrevocably changed, and the U.S.—besieged, impotent, and furious—would lose its capacity to have a foreign policy at all. By default, world politics would be organized on the principle of *pax Sovietica*. The Soviet Union would have achieved victory without war.

If, on the other hand, the Western countries behave with even a moderate degree of rationality, the Soviet bid will surely fail. In that event the Soviet Union would be no worse off than it is now, and probably somewhat better off.

The Soviet strategy is an exercise in muscular diplomacy based on a new and potentially decisive factor in world politics: the exploitation of nuclear fear as a political, as distinct from a military, weapon. People have an altogether reasonable horror of nuclear war; and in the democratic world that horror has the potential of becoming an overwhelming political force. To help make that potential real, the Soviet Union is conducting a campaign based on two programs: the creation of a nuclear arsenal that would make a devastating nuclear threat plausible; and propaganda designed to transform nuclear concern into panic, and thus keep the West from taking the peaceful, effective countermeasures that are within its power.

Although no one can guarantee that a nuclear war is

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impossible, the risks of such a catastrophe are lessened to the degree that two critical conditions are satisfied: first, that the United States retain an adequate nuclear deterrent and the solidarity of its alliance systems; and second, that the world prevent widespread nuclear proliferation, especially to irrational political leaders like Qaddafi and Khomeini. General nuclear proliferation would make world politics unpredictably volatile.

It does not follow, however, that nuclear weapons can be ignored as if they were flying pyramids, badges of prestige of no relevance to the ongoing political life of the state system. Nuclear weapons can intimidate even when they are not exploded. That is the point of Mitterrand's sardonic comment that the present world crisis is particularly hard to manage because the Soviet Union produces weapons while the West produces pacifists.

Why is the Soviet Union building so many nuclear weapons? The answer to that question is widely resisted in the West: the two superpowers have different doctrines about the political and military utility of nuclear weapons.

The American nuclear arsenal has been planned and built as a deterrent against aggression. All that American deterrence requires is a convincing second-strike nuclear capacity—that is, a capacity to inflict unacceptable damage if our vital interests are attacked. The criteria for deterrence cannot be static, given the inevitability of endless change in technology, and in the size and composition of the Soviet forces. Deterrence is thus difficult to define with precision, except as a defensive capacity to retaliate against aggression, distinguishable from an offensive capability principally in size.

FOR THE Soviet Union, however, the function of nuclear weapons is altogether different, and therefore Soviet nuclear building programs and negotiating positions are altogether different from those of the U.S. Soviet nuclear doctrine is not defensive but offensive. The Soviet government has long understood that it does not face the risk of armed attack. It views its nuclear forces as an engine of nuclear blackmail—the ultimate sanction behind a foreign policy whose aim is the indefinite expansion of Soviet influence. To achieve such a position, the Soviet Union is trying to attain a credible first-strike nuclear capacity—that is, a capacity for an unanswerable preemptive attack on the military power of the U.S. and especially on its nuclear power. Only one hypothesis is consistent with such a policy—that the Soviet goal is not to deter aggression against the Soviet Union, but to facilitate Soviet aggression against others, and to weaken and finally destroy any conceivable Western resistance to its program of expansion based on the aggressive use of conventional forces, proxies, and terrorists.

The centerpiece of the Soviet Union's drive for such a first-strike capacity is its quest for permanent superiority in ground-based ballistic missiles. It has been evident for several years that the growing Soviet lead in this area is the source of the waves of nuclear anxiety now transforming the politics and public opinion of the Western nations.

The American nuclear arsenal is divided into three nearly equal parts—ground based, sea based, and airborne. That division—the nuclear triad—protects our force against the unknowable risks of scientific change, and corresponds to the bureaucratic structure of our defense establishment. The Soviet Union, on the other hand, decided after a long and careful study during the 1950s to put at least 75 percent of its nuclear forces into ground-based missiles. Such nuclear weapons are extremely accurate, swift, and destructive. They can be used without warning; and, so far, they admit no possible defense except the repulsive idea of preemptive attack or the equally repulsive notion of launch-on-warning.

In 1972, when the SALT I agreements were signed, the United States and the Soviet Union were approximately equal in the number of warheads on ground-based ballistic missiles of intercontinental range (ICBMs). The Soviet force of intermediate-range weapons of this type was still small. Because of major errors made by the U.S. in negotiating both the Interim Offensive Arms Agreement of SALT I and SALT II, the Soviet Union now has a 3-to-1 lead over the U.S. in the number of ICBM warheads and a 4-to-1 lead in ICBM throw-weight. The Soviet Union's intermediate-range force of this type, spearheaded by the mobile SS-20s, has reached the level of 378 deployed missiles and 1,134 deployed warheads, and is growing at roughly the rate of 1 new missile with 3 warheads per week. The Russians have a monopoly of this class of weapons, and have been trying desperately to keep that monopoly by preventing the deployment of the new American cruise missiles and Pershing IIs in Europe.

The Soviet lead in ground-based ballistic missiles implies, or will soon imply, the theoretical possibility of a first strike—a bolt out of the blue. It is now mathematically possible for the Soviet Union to destroy all of our ICBMs, our submarines in port, and our planes on the ground with something like a quarter of its ICBM force, holding the rest in a paralyzing reserve that would make it nearly inconceivable for us to use our submarine-based or airborne nuclear weapons at all.

THE SOVIET advantage in ground-based ballistic missiles does not necessarily increase the possibility of nuclear war. There is no need for the Soviet Union to consider the risky and unpredictable course of actually firing nuclear weapons. They are doing well by using them politically, because a Soviet first-strike capacity casts doubt on the credibility of our guarantees to use either conventional or nuclear forces in defense of our interests, and therefore increases the nervousness of Europeans, Japanese, Chinese, and others who face the growing menace of the Soviet intermediate-range SS-20s.

This whipsaw effect of Soviet superiority in both classes of ground-based ballistic missiles is eroding the foundations of the political system we have built since 1947. Every chancellery and foreign office of the world is haunted by the comments of Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger that "no great power commits suicide for the sake

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of allies," and that the change in the Soviet-American nuclear balance since 1973 has made it impossible for any President to do now what Kennedy did during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 or what Nixon himself did during the Mideast crisis of 1973. These comments, which both men have repeated a number of times, reflect the conclusion that the American nuclear deterrent is worthless, except as an ultimate protection for American soil.

This defeatist view is entirely unjustified, but it is becoming more and more popular. To embrace it leads straight to policies of retreat, appeasement, and withdrawal in the United States, and to corresponding policies both of resignation and of ultra-nationalism and militarism elsewhere in the West. Senator Howard Baker says that a new Mansfield Resolution calling for the withdrawal of American forces from Europe and other forward bases would go through the Senate like wildfire. There are many serious indications of comparable import both at home and abroad. Isolationism has not been stronger in American politics since the 1930s, when Franklin Roosevelt failed to overcome it in time to prevent war. In every part of the political spectrum, Americans, like Europeans, are looking for a rabbit hole through which to escape from a particularly unpleasant moment in history.

Those who advocate policies of American isolation and neutrality speak and write as if our security guarantees to Europe, Japan, China, South Korea, Israel, and other key nations and areas of the world are acts of philanthropy for the benefit of friendly democratic countries, matters of choice we can elect to continue or abandon at will. No illusion could be more dangerous. Since the final collapse of the Concert of Europe in 1945, we have made treaties and other security arrangements with countries around the world not only because we are linked to them by ties of blood and culture but also because it would endanger the primitive security of the United States to allow those areas, people, and resources to come under Soviet control.

WE DID NOT support Stalin against Hitler because we thought Stalin was a closet democrat. And we are not supporting China against the Soviet Union because we are under any illusions about the nature of the Chinese government. Strongly as America should always encourage and support the progress of democracy, the foreign policy of the U.S. must be based on geopolitical reality. Its first goal is to protect the security of the U.S. by achieving a balance of power and respect for the rules of world public order needed to maintain the stability of a balance of power.

The only way the United States can hope to protect this most vital of its vital interests is through the methods of concerted alliance diplomacy based on deterrent military power. These were the essential ideas first applied by President Truman and Secretary of State Dean Acheson a generation ago. They have been carried forward and developed with varying degrees of success by all their successors. For the U.S., a foreign policy based on these principles is not an option to accept or reject. It is a necessity.

In this perspective, it is not difficult to understand the tenacity of the Soviet Union in seeking to preserve its lead in ground-based ballistic missiles through the Geneva negotiations on intermediate-range and intercontinental nuclear weapons. Throughout the West, many well-intentioned people persist in believing that the impasse in the Geneva nuclear arms negotiations is based on mutual misunderstanding, which could be cleared up by a high-level super-negotiator, a summit meeting, or a few clever changes in language. These naive views are contradicted by the history of Soviet-American relations since 1945. Moreover, they patronize the able and serious men who direct the Soviet Union. The Soviet leaders are not crude peasants who need a little reassurance about how well-intentioned the U.S. really is. They understand the difference between Soviet and American foreign policy very well indeed. And they have no intention of giving up the policy of expansion the Soviet Union has pursued since 1917 unless the West makes that policy unacceptably risky.

There is only one issue in the I.N.F. and START negotiations, and it is extremely simple: whether Soviet-American nuclear arms agreements should be based, as the United States contends, on Soviet-American equality, or on what the Russians call the principle of "equal security."

LIKE MANY Orwellian phrases in the Soviet vocabulary, "equal security" means just the opposite of what it seems to say. The Soviet Union wants the United States formally to acknowledge that the Soviet Union has the right to a nuclear arsenal equal to the sum of all other nuclear arsenals and potential arsenals in the world—American, British, French, Chinese, Israeli, Indian, Argentine, etc. This is not a recipe for "equal security" between the Soviet Union and the United States, but for Soviet hegemony: total security for the Soviet Union and total insecurity for everybody else. An agreement based on Soviet ideas would concede to the Soviet Union a nuclear advantage comparable to the one we had at the time of the Berlin airlift or the Cuban missile crisis: the capacity to control the escalation of crises and therefore to use conventional force at will. Truman and Kennedy used this kind of power for defensive purposes; the Soviet Union is trying to achieve it as the foundation for its foreign policy of aggressive expansion.

In both the I.N.F. and START talks, the United States' position is based on a new and more realistic unit of account than the one used in SALT I and SALT II. Instead of agreements about the number of missile launchers on each side, the United States now proposes that agreements should deal primarily with the number of actual weapons—that is warheads—and take fully into account the differences in their destructive capacity.

In the I.N.F. talks, which began in November 1981, the United States has put forward a series of offers based on the principle of Soviet-American equality in this sense. The first was the "zero option," involving the complete abolition of intermediate-range ballistic missiles—zero

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for each side. When the Soviet Union said for the fiftieth time that it would never accept a zero-zero outcome, the United States suggested equal limits on each side at any level the Soviet Union elected, both in and near Europe and in the Far East. That was the essential idea of the trial balloon floated by Ambassador Paul Nitze and his Soviet colleague, Ambassador Yuli Kvitsinsky, after their famous walk in the woods during the summer of 1982. The Nitze-Kvitsinsky approach, which I strongly supported, was vehemently rejected in toto by the Soviet Union. The United States had a number of amendments to suggest, but took the position that it wished to keep the channel open and to discuss the ambassadors' formula. Since 1982, the United States has put forward a number of proposals based on the principle of the 1982 trial balloon. They have all been turned down by the Soviet Union. The Soviet position has been and remains that the Soviet Union should keep all or nearly all its weapons in the European area; that an I.N.F. agreement should not deal with the security of the Far East at all, despite the fact that the Soviet SS-20 is mobile; and that the United States should not deploy any of its modern ground-based weapons in Europe. I don't know any Western expert in the field who regards the Soviet position in the I.N.F. talks as serious.

The chief nominal justification for the astonishing posture of the Soviet Union is the existence of the British and French nuclear forces, among which may be found only eighteen ground-based ballistic missiles in any event. But the Soviet position is openly cynical. Soviet spokesmen freely concede that the British, French, and Chinese nuclear forces do not constitute a significant military threat to the Soviet Union; no nation holding thousands of nuclear warheads can possibly be afraid of an attack by countries that possess at most a couple of hundred weapons of this kind. The British, French, and Chinese systems exist for quite different purposes—as ultimate protectors of national sovereignty in the event the United States elects a weak President and world politics degenerates into general war.

SOMETIMES the Soviet Union proposes agreements based on equal Soviet and American reductions in each category of nuclear weapons. It doesn't take a mathematical genius to realize that such an approach would increase the gap between the Soviet Union and the United States in the critical area of ground-based ballistic missiles. If the ratio in a given class of weapons is 8 to 4, and 3 is subtracted from each side, the ratio becomes 5 to 1.

The other arguments advanced to justify the Soviet bargaining approach are those of arithmetical acrobatics. By counting some American weapons and omitting similar Soviet weapons, the Soviet negotiators always reach the same conclusion, and have been doing so for six or seven years, despite the steady increase in the number of Soviet weapons: they always say that there is equilibrium now, which would be altered by the introduction of modern American weapons.

One of the many fallacies commonly used in the debate over intermediate-range weapons is the notion that equilibrium in that category of weapons is attainable at all, since there no law of physics that would prevent Soviet intercontinental-range weapons from being targeted on London, Tokyo, or Hamburg. The significance of the SS-20s is primarily political; from the strictly military point of view they are part of the much larger problem of credible nuclear deterrence to protect the entire range of American security interests.

Soviet-American differences in the START talks are equally simple. The heart of the American START proposal is in itself a major concession to the Soviet Union because it would count ground-based and sea-based ballistic missiles of intercontinental range together, although submarine-based weapons are still less accurate than ground-based missiles, and less vulnerable to a first strike. Each side has about seventy-five hundred warheads of these types, the Soviet Union having more ground-based weapons, and the United States more submarine-based weapons. The American proposal is that the total number of warheads in the combined category be reduced to five thousand, of which no more than half could be in ground-based ballistic missiles. This proposal would require the United States to dismantle more sea-based weapons, and the Soviet Union to dismantle more ground-based weapons. It would be a long step toward political stability.

The Soviet Union has rejected this proposal with the same tenacity it has shown in the I.N.F. talks, and for the same reason: it would reduce the destabilizing Soviet advantage in ground-based weapons, an advantage which exists to defeat deterrence.

HAVING FAILED thus far to stampede European opinion, the Soviet Union is now relying on the dynamics of the American election process to compel President Reagan to accept nuclear arms agreements based on Soviet notions of "equal security." Since the Soviet walkout at Geneva, those pressures have been building rapidly. Senator Glenn has suggested that it would be only fair to take British and French nuclear arms into account. Mr. Mondale advocates a freeze which would accept and legitimize the Soviet advantage in ground-based missiles and thus make our security problems nearly insoluble. Every Op-Ed page and radio and TV talk show produce another formula which its sponsors believe would persuade the Soviet Union to come back to the bargaining table—a summit meeting; a special envoy; the combination of the I.N.F. and START negotiations; negotiating on the basis of the Soviet proposals; and many others. In short, we assume that the impasse in Geneva is our fault, and are busily negotiating with ourselves rather than with the Russians.

The assumption behind these frantic activities is that nuclear arms agreements with the Soviet Union are almost magically important as guarantees of peace, and that it would be better to have bad I.N.F. and START agreements than none at all. In view of the accelerating Soviet drive for expansion since SALT I and SALT II were negotiated, such claims are either acts of political deception or manifestations of hysteria.

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We have been negotiating and signing nuclear arms agreements with the Soviet Union for more than ten years while most of our politicans and experts assured us that such agreements would induce "restraint" in Soviet behavior, and help move world politics towards "détente" and even "peace." In 1972, when the SALT I agreements were signed, Nixon even proclaimed that "détente" had been achieved, and "cooperation" with the Soviet Union substituted for "confrontation." The history of the last decade makes those claims embarrassing. The Soviet Union treated its formal guarantee of the Indochinese peace agreement, dated March 2, 1973, as a scrap of paper. In the Middle East, Soviet behavior was equally a betrayal; in May 1972, the Soviet Union promised Nixon full support for cooperative efforts to achieve peace between Israel and its neighbors in accordance with Security Council Resolution 242. One month before, the Soviet Union had promised to help Egypt launch the aggression of October 1973—a promise it carried out faithfully. The record has been the same, with minor variations, in Africa, Afghanistan, and Kampuchea. Thus the 1970s and early 1980s turned out to be the worst period of the cold war, marked by Soviet and Soviet-sponsored aggression throughout the Third World on a larger and more serious scale than the probes and feints of the late '40s, and by the emergence of the Soviet attempt to separate the U.S. from Western Europe, Japan, and China through the achievement and acknowledgement of Soviet nuclear hegemony.

THE UNITED STATES is being widely accused of taking a "hard line" in the nuclear arms talks. The charge is without merit. Thus far in Geneva the United States has been firm as to its goal in the talks, but conciliatory and flexible in its bargaining tactics. Obviously we cannot and must not repeat the mistakes we made in SALT I and SALT II by departing from the principle of equality between the Soviet Union and the United States as the basis for agreements which would be compatible with true détente. But the Soviet Union has not budged from its insistence on agreements that would preserve and even increase its capacity to execute a first strike. The issue at Geneva is thus a simple issue of principle, and it cannot be solved by verbal ingenuity, summit meetings, or other gimmicks.

Is there any chance the gap can be bridged? That is, that the Soviet Union can be brought ultimately to accept genuinely peaceful co-existence as the basic rule of international society—peaceful co-existence based on reciprocal respect for the rules of world public order embodied in the United Nations Charter? I should answer this question affirmatively—more affirmatively now than when I became Director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency in 1981. Of course we should not expect the leaders of the Soviet Union to abandon their imperial ambitions if they are not required to do so by the restoration of effective Western policies of deterrence, containment, and collective security. That goes without saying. But on that assumption, I think the chances for a change in the direction of Soviet policy are not hopeless.

The leaders of the Soviet Union are intelligent and expert. Their main preoccupation is the maintenance of their own power. They are not romantics about war, like Napoleon and Hitler. And they must know what is obvious in the recent experience of Germany and Japan—that powerful nations accomplish far more for their people by encouraging them to make economic and social progress than by ordering them to make war. The Soviet leaders realize better than anyone else that the social and political problems of Poland and Eastern Europe—and of Russia itself, for that matter—can no longer be solved by the methods of Stalin, and that there is no real hope for them to rule their own peoples indefinitely unless they move away from perpetual mobilization toward policies of pluralism and relaxation of tensions. Above all, they know that Khrushchev was right when he said that the nuclear weapon does not respect the differences between socialism and capitalism. Despite their addiction to military doctrines of "surprise attack with all weapons" and other ideas designed to make our flesh crawl, the leaders of the Soviet Union must know as well as we do that nuclear war is unthinkably and unpredictably dangerous, and that the development of nuclear weapons has resulted in an insanity from which mankind can be delivered only by Soviet-American agreement.

There are marriages of love and marriages of convenience. There are also marriages of necessity. The Soviet Union and the U.S. are inextricably bound together in the coils of the nuclear weapon. There can be no assured firebreak between conventional and nuclear war. There can therefore be no real assurance against the risk of nuclear war until the Soviet Union gives up its policies of expansion, and decides to live according to the rules against aggression of the U.N. Charter. Until it reaches that decision, the West will have to muddle along with policies of nuclear deterrence, containment, and collective security, as it has for nearly forty years. But the Western governments should stress, both to their own people and to the Soviet Union, that the alternative of East-West cooperation for peace is always available, and would always be welcome.

IT MAY BE that Ronald Reagan's greatest contribution to the success of our foreign policy will be finally to convince the Soviet leaders that American Presidents will not sacrifice American security for the sake of electoral popularity. Truman and Johnson remained stubbornly loyal to the security interests of the United States, but had to pay for their integrity by walking the political plank. Reagan is in a better position. His reelection in 1984 looks certain now, although he will be under severe political pressure during the next ten months—from Republicans as well as Democrats—to make assurance doubly sure by "compromising" with the Soviet Union, as Nixon and Carter did, and reaching a nuclear arms agreement on Soviet terms. The President will serve the nation well if he continues to resist that temptation, sticks to the principles of Soviet-American equality, and rejects every version of the Soviet claim for what they so misleadingly call "equal security."

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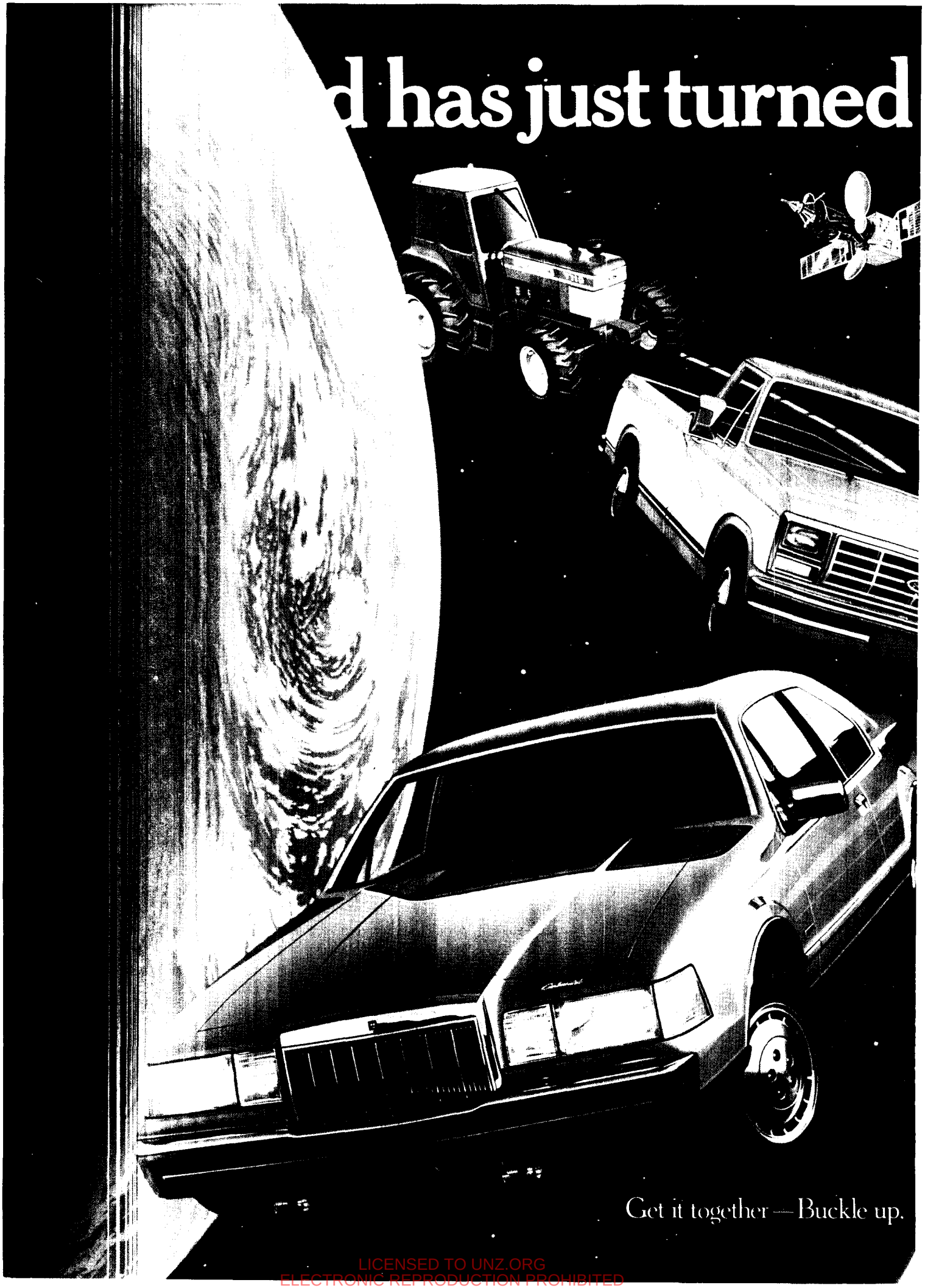

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Personals

Six months having gone by since *Zelig*, it's of course time for a new Woody Allen film. Some people argue that he is now the best American filmmaker; what is inarguable is that he is the most prolific and most personal filmmaker now working in our major leagues of production and distribution.

The new one is an exercise in nostalgia, updated. The title, *Broadway Danny Rose*, hints strongly at what the film fulfills: it's Damon Runyon time, with a contemporary difference. Imagine *Guys and Dolls* written and directed by someone with *Angst* who is ethnically hyperconscious and who adores Fellini. Viewed as another installment of Allen, *B.D.R.* further displays his drive to do something *else* every time. I can't recall a previous film of his about show biz seen from the gritty inside. He handles that aspect with atmospheric exactness. In aid of verity, he shot a good deal of the film in, or in a good reproduction of, the Carnegie Delicatessen on Seventh Avenue. He even got a top executive of the Shubert organization, Gerald Schoenfeld, to play a top talent agent.

Broadway Danny Rose
(Orion)

Confidentially Yours
(Spectra)

But the film is a curious mix. Runyon's Broadway has two main components. Broadway is taken figuratively but seriously as the habitat of show-biz people, gamblers, mobsters, and others whose "time of day," as Frank Loesser put it in *Guys and Dolls*, is "a couple of deals before dawn." Second, manners must be rough, but the hearts must be of gold. The trouble is that Runyon's Broadway is no longer fiction, it's fantasy: Broadway now is a locus for junk shops, sex shows, and drug dealers—with a scattering of theaters among them. Further, Allen has no syrup: with his people, the manners are rough and so are most of the hearts. So we have the paradox of a nervous realist writing about a sentimental domain that no longer exists and dealing with it harshly.

A group of nightclub comics—all of them real-life comics—sit around a table in the Carnegie, reminiscing. The subject of Danny arises, a very small-time talent agent whom they all know or knew. One or two memories are recounted, which we see in flashback, then one of the comics launches into a long story about Danny, which in flashback is the film. The shape is nice, a tale told by a pro about a pro to other pros sitting around a delicatessen table, but what comes out is, substantively, an indelicatessen story.

Danny, played by Allen, is a fast, if not especially confident, talker who has talked himself nowhere. After failing as a stand-up comic, he has become an agent for bedraggled, lowest-rung performers. His biggest chance to score is with a boozy, beefy Italian-American lounge singer, once mildly popular, now virtually passé, but with a hope of a return via the craze for 1950s figures. (Nick Apollo Forte is the singer.) Danny gets him a shot at the Waldorf, then must bring the singer's girl friend to the opening, or else the singer will booze himself away and ruin the chance that could lead to more chances. Since the singer is married and his wife will be present, Danny is to be the "beard," a cover to conceal the woman's relation to the singer: she will seem to be Danny's date.

He calls for the young woman, Tina, at her New Jersey apartment. She, too, is Italian-American. She is angry at the singer because of a supposed slight and refuses to accompany Danny to the Waldorf. He learns that the singer, hearing of this, is starting to hit the sauce. Danny has to persuade Tina to come to the opening. She goes to a big Mafia party; he follows her there. This leads to a mess of Mafia complications. It also leads to a pure Runyon ending that, just because it is pure Runyon, is tonally out of kilter with the film.

Allen's directing continues to grow in control, though he sinks to one more rerun of a shootout in a warehouse of huge figures. The tough, tight-trousered, blonde-wigged Tina, a Mafia widow, is played by Mia Farrow, for whom the part was written. Any actor knows that it's easy to play a part completely unlike one's self, easier than finding a part *in* one's self, especially if the dissimilar part is stock. (Katharine Hepburn would probably be more effective as a Mafia mom than in one more of her variations on gentility.) But the fact that it's relatively easy doesn't mean it can't be done badly; and Farrow does it well. As for Allen's performance of Danny, the cosmos divides into those many who never tire of his same old angular, high-strung, cowardly but brave, transparently shrewd New York-Jewish operator; and those few who, like me, do tire of it. Once again he has made a film that would be better if someone else had played his part.

That, however, wouldn't have erased my chief reservation. Every Italian-American in the film is shown to be some kind of bum or grotesque. I'm not a member of any ethnic defense group in the arts, intent to suppress *The Mer-*

FILMS WORTH SEEING

And the Ship Sails On. Fellini's latest, about an Italian liner on a strange voyage in July 1914. The allegory is good enough to empower Fellini's best work since *Amarcord*. (Reviewed 2/13/84)

Dear Maestro. An exceptional first film, Italian, about musicians. The rivalry of two conductors, 40, friends, reveals more to us than to them. (2/6/84)

Gorky Park. A thriller that thrills, set mostly in Moscow. Well directed and, except for the leading role, well acted. (2/6/84)

Reuben, Reuben. Patently based on Dylan Thomas's last days in America. Movingly acted by Tom Conti and, as his last love, Kelly McGillis. Frazzled finish, but literate dialogue en route. (1/30/84)

SK

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chant of Venice or *The Birth of a Nation*. I'm not plumping for a return to Runyon's sugary realism. But Allen is relentless. He tries to balance matters negatively by showing us elderly Jews at a Catskill hotel who are equally grotesque—in appearance anyway; and I noticed a fair sprinkling of Italian names in the credits, possibly as a group buffer in case of attack. The fact remains that Allen, with Gordon Willis's rather cruel black-and-white photography, peers at a group of people—not actors, I'd guess—as if they were inmates of a menagerie. The point is not that no Italian-Americans are ugly or stupid or criminal or that some good and beautiful Italians ought to be included as balance. The point is that Allen has mishandled satire, has misunderstood Fellini. Fellini's use of odd faces is fundamentally humorous and humane; basically, he says, "What a curious species you and I belong to." There's no humor in Allen here: just mockery and dislike. Instead of Fellini's mischievous embrace, we get an extension of Allen's self-hate.

Another prolific and highly personal director has also made a black-and-white film that is, in good part, a tribute to a director and a school he worships. *Confidentially Yours*, François Truffaut's latest, is based on an American thriller, as were four of his previous films; and once again Truffaut is doing idiosyncratic homage to Hitchcock and to American *film noir*. (Hence the black and white, comfortably handled by Nestor Almendros.)

Set in a city near Nice, it's one more story of an unjustly accused man trying to prove his innocence of murder, a task complicated by more murders. His one aide is an attractive secretary whom he fired just before the storm broke. The plot is complete with diligent cops, cagey private eyes, sleazy nightclubs, and a panel that reveals a hidden room. The prime requirement here, obviously, is not credibility but entertainment. The only question is: Does the time past unnoticeably?

No. The story is insufficiently clever, the people are insufficiently engaging. As the accused, Jean-Louis Trintignant is weak in comedy, which this bloody plot requires. As the loyal secretary, Fanny Ardant, first seen in and as *The Woman Next Door*, is less fascinating to at least some others than she patently is to Truffaut. She is a passable actress but not the overwhelming sex symbol that the director apparently thinks her. She has such a firm-jawed face that, at certain angles, she looks like a transvestite.

This is one of those discomforting films where we feel the director getting more pleasure than ourselves. Truffaut says, in the publicity, that he was "seduced" by Ardant's looks. Truffaut, believe it or not, is now 52. *Confidentially Yours* is not much more than an invitation to watch a middle-aged man showing off for and with his new crush.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

The British Have Come! The British Have Come!

Not every play that opens in New York these days is written by an English dramatist or performed by English actors—it just appears that way. The British invasion of our shores, a beachhead in the 1970s, now seems to have turned into a full-scale occupation, what with *The Real Thing* and *Noises Off* playing to capacity houses, and Ian McKellen's Shakespeare show packing them in downtown. What the English promise our sorely tried commercial theater owners is a comforting dependability. Critics and audiences alike can be confident they will be watching technically accomplished acting, eloquent playwriting, and directing that is elegant and assured. Whatever social or economic convulsions have rocked England lately, English society has managed to remain essentially stable, and that social stability continues to be reflected in English theater.

It is particularly reflected in the prose of English theater, which ever since Congreve has been Britain's most formidable theatrical instrument. Americans have always admired the way educated English people speak, probably because our own speech is often a com-

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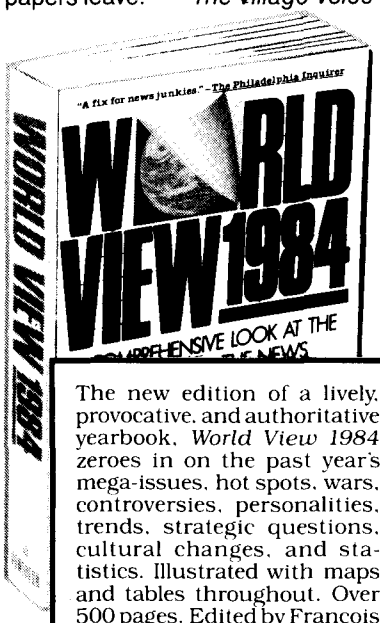

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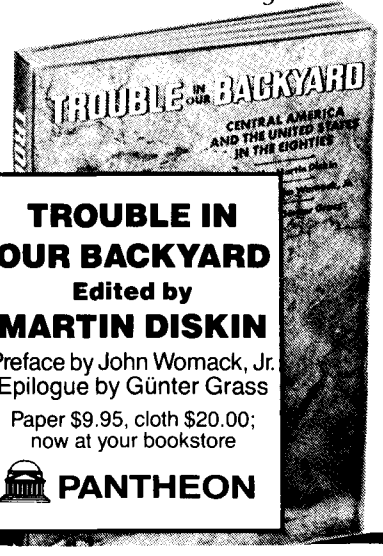

TROUBLE IN OUR BACKYARD

Edited by

MARTIN DISKIN

Preface by John Womack, Jr.
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pound of stammers, clichés, regionalisms, and syntactical blunders—"the native eloquence," O'Neill called it, "of us fog people"—when it is not a confession of inarticulateness ("you know what I mean?") or of imprecision ("like, man"). But English diction provides more than aesthetic pleasures. BBC and Oxford accents are the identifying marks of the English cultured classes, making speech even more instrumental than money, as Shaw observed in *Pygmalion*, for marking the boundaries of a rigid system. No wonder language figures so importantly in contemporary English drama, and is now the envy of so many wayfarers through Shubert Alley.

I persist in the heretical opinion that the mounting English influence on the American stage, especially its linguistic emphasis, is not an altogether salutary one, except in momentarily filling a Broadway vacuum. It is a fact that the genuine breakthroughs in contemporary theater have not been made on the West End or even in the English repertory companies, but in the work coming from America and the Continent—from Eastern Europe (particularly Poland and Rumania), from Germany, and from France in the hospitality extended by that country to such American experimental artists as Robert Wilson and (in a paradoxical reversal) to one of the few great English stage innovators, Peter Brook. Some of this continental theater has been seen here, and mildly appreciated, in the lofts of La Mama or at Brooklyn Academy of Music festivals. But aside from Brook's *Carmen*, it has yet to arouse our mainstream audiences and arbiters, who instead pay homage to virtuoso acting techniques and proclaim the verbal acrobat Tom Stoppard one of the leading dramatic artists of our time.

A few seasons back it was Peter Shaffer, and way before that it was Terence Rattigan and Christopher Fry: Broadway has always needed overseas constellations for its pantheon of shooting stars. The current anglicizing of New York theater, however, has not only worked to exclude the best work emanating from Europe, but has also managed to eclipse our native traditions. The result is that even such established American playwrights as Miller, Williams, and Albee are usually unable to keep a play running on Broadway, while the younger dramatists, including Shepard and Mamet, are produced mostly off-Broadway or in the resident theaters, and a whole generation of American actors find continuous employment only by cultivating their English accents. I don't object to this for xenophobic reasons, but rather because the English tilt puts us in danger of celebrating skill instead of inspiration. England can boast of many powerful playwrights—Edward Bond, Caryll Churchill, David Hare, and (for all my cavils) Harold Pinter—and any healthy theater owes them a hearing. But the most popular models of English theater on our stage today are usually celebrated for showy rhetorical qualities rather than for any interior strength or beauty.

IF I MAY invoke the *Poetics* for a moment (still the touchstone of dramatic theory), Aristotle did not rate language very high when listing the elements of comedy or tragedy. First he named *Mythos* (usually translated as plot, but more accurately the action of the myth), then *Ethos* or character, then *Dianoia* or thought—and only then did he discuss the importance of *Lexis* or diction. In a truly great play, *Oedipus* for example, these elements are inseparable, When one of them begins to dominate, however, an imbalance is created which robs the drama of its wholeness. Linguistic brilliance alone is hardly the gift of a great writer, yet we Americans praise most highly those English playwrights who display the most style. Even Shakespeare is usually honored less for his emotional power or thematic cogency than for his "poetry," though Shakespearean verse functions as a medium for action and character and theme, not as a decorative end in itself, and those who listen only to his "poetry" may be missing his true music.

When I was a young Fulbright scholar in the 1950s, I once applied to Oxford and Cambridge to do research on a thesis investigating what historical changes accounted for the changes in theater between Shakespeare's age and the ages that followed. What transformed the English dramatis personae from redskins into palefaces? Why did such appetitive characters as Sir John Falstaff and Sir Epicure Mammon give way to such effete epigrammatists as Sir Fopling Flutter and Sir Wilfull Witwoud? What happened in English cultural history to suppress Elizabethan comic lustiness and tragic rage? Understandably, both universities angrily rejected this insolent proposal from an impertinent and presumptuous young American, and the thesis never got written—but these were the same questions being asked by such radical English writers as William Blake and D. H. Lawrence.

I suspect we might find the answers in the Puritan revolution and the Cavalier reaction, but more important than discovering the root of the problem is persuading people it exists, since the symptoms are now occurring here. The reception of *The Real Thing*, for all its lip service to emotional relationships, consolidates the triumph of wit over substance, and will undoubtedly inspire hosts of imitations both here and abroad. Erika Munk, writing in *The Village Voice*, has ascribed its success to profound political conservatism, and I believe she is right. The theatrical revolution created in the 1950s by the angry young men has been overthrown with the Labour government (even John Osborne has turned into a Tory crank), and the mainstream theater has once again become the plaything of Mayfair gentility, reflecting the political leanings of a Thatcher generation weaned on nuclear buildups, racialism, and the dismantling of the welfare state. Needless to say, the Reagan generation has been working toward the same goals and applauding the same theater. The cocktail dip smeared over the features of the badly mannered prole in *The Real Thing* is a custard pie heaved in the face of all that unpleasant political dissent people were forced to endure in the '60s and '70s, while the elegant language of the play functions as a rebuke to the harsh obscenities and crude epithets of recent radical drama.

But Stoppard's conservatism has aesthetic as well as political implications. It represents a return to pastime theater, where each line of dialogue is a carefully manufactured display of wit, where the only pressing issue is how to get in

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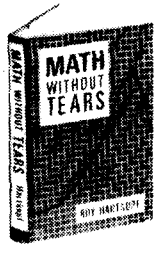

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bed with your lover without disturbing your spouse. Adultery among the leisure classes has been a staple of the English theater since Charles II was restored to the throne in 1660. Whereas Congreve, Gay, and Wilde were able to handle this subject while smuggling in deeply subversive social themes, however, it is now—as it was with Noel Coward and Alan Ayckbourne—an occasion for facile amusement, for celebrating the status quo. Many playwrights from England, the United States, and Europe will no doubt soon be responding, either directly or indirectly, to these artificial theater conventions, but at the moment, Stoppard has gained the field and enjoys the admiration of a society complacent and secure, unwilling to confront the issues that are eating away at its roots, if not threatening its very existence.

How politics and profits have corrupted the Olympics.

THE GREAT SPORTS SWINDLE

BY STEFAN KANFER

PAAVO Nurmi, Eric Heiden, Cassius Clay, Jim Thorpe, Jesse Owens. There have been any number of heroes whose Olympic achievements are written in gold. But all fade in the solar glare of the Emperor Nero. Back in 66, a good year for absolute rulers, he was a competitor at the Olympic Games, in the ten-horse race. Heading around a curve, he had the misfortune to be hurled onto the track. Sycophants immediately restored him to his place, but he was too out of breath and dazed to make it to the finish line. The judges nevertheless awarded him first prize.

We hear a lot these days about the Olympic tradition, mostly from the American Broadcasting Company, which will televise the Games, and from Exxon, Coke, McDonald's, Levi's, etc., which will sponsor them. The tradition they mean is twenty-two hours of prime time and an audience of 2.5 billion worldwide watching twelve thousand competitors from 140 nations struggle for individual and team supremacy between commercials. The real tradition, however, is Neronian: the ancient custom of venality, corruption, and bending of the head to the powerful. For those of us who regard the Olympics as the United Nations in Adidas, it is comforting to know that a small and plucky band of Gamesmen have struggled to keep that tradition alive. We, too, have our pantheon figures, and if the world has neglected them, a few biographers and historians have not.

Take, for example, Allen Guttman. The Amherst professor and author of books on sport used his Guggenheim fellowship for travel and research leading to *The Games Must Go On: Avery Brundage and the Olympic Movement* (Columbia University Press, $17.95). His human subject (I use the adjective in its biological sense) had high imperial style and a unique sense of those indispensable Olympian attributes of hubris, bigotry, and hypocrisy. Brundage (1887-1975) did not invent the modern Olympics, though; credit for that must go to one Baron Pierre de Coubertin, who seemed at first to be more interested in education than in sport. At a conference on English education back in 1887 the French nobleman was heard to say, "It is not easy, if indeed easiness is a good thing, to get children enthusiastic about Alexander or Caesar. They need something more alive, more real. Olympic dust is what excites their emulation best and most naturally." Soon afterward, with a combination of energy, money, and an aristocratic idée fixe, the Baron kicked up the dust of Athens and revived the Games. They began in unpromising fashion. Monty Python themselves might have parodied some of the now discontinued categories: cricket, croquet, jeu de paume (a form of tennis), polo, and tug-of-war. But the contests would have been merely mortals running and jumping in their underwear, about as fascinating to the general public as the New Jersey table tennis finals, had it not been for Avery Brundage's pursuit of an Ideal.

Guttman traces that hunt to the 1912 Stockholm Olympics. There young Avery (later head of the International Olympics Committee) competed unsuccessfully against such fine athletes as George S. Patton (later General) and Jim Thorpe (later disgraced, having been stripped of his medals by the selfsame committee for playing ball, years earlier, for money). Brundage, whose humble Chicago newsboy origins were forgotten or erased as he rose to dynamic real estate speculator and head of engineering and construction firms, was a member of the International Olympic Committee in 1936. That was an interesting year in the history of the Games. They were to be staged in Hitler's Berlin.

The location was upsetting to some hypersensitive agitators in Europe and America, but Brundage was the voice of calm. After a tour of Germany, the Olympian announced that he "was given positive assurance by Germany's official representative that there will be no discrimination against Jews. You can't ask more than that." Still, the ingrates asked more than that. A few actually

Stefan Kanfer is a senior editor at *Time* magazine.

RICHARD ROVERE

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FINAL REPORTS

With a foreword by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

DOUBLEDAY

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had the temerity to insist that the Games would serve to legitimate and publicize the Nazi regime.

Balderdash, Brundage countered. A boycott would make the American athlete, "a martyr to a cause not his own. . . . American athletes should not become needlessly involved in the present Jew-Nazi altercation." Later that year, the man Guttman acknowledges was a collector of prizes, titles, and anti-Semitic literature addressed the German-American Bund: "We can learn much from Germany. We, too, if we wish to preserve our institutions, must stamp out communism. We, too, must take steps to arrest the decline of patriotism." Guttman finds that his subject "spoke intemperately and unwisely," but seems shocked at the headlines that followed in Chicago papers: BE LIKE NAZIS, BRUNDAGE PLEA and AMERICA MUST FOLLOW NAZI EXAMPLE—BRUNDAGE. It was just like those Hildy Johnsons in the city of broad shoulders to exaggerate one well-meaning speech of that nice Mr. Brundage. Besides, the executive was not alone in his sentiments. After the Games had been played, Baron de Coubertin himself remarked that they had been organized with "Hitlerian strength and discipline."

Having demonstrated to the world that the Games could be used to override moral and ethical considerations and to further the careers of Olympic and global dictators, Brundage went on to explore an ancillary aspect of sport. Here he was working in yet another time-honored tradition dear to the heart and other organs of many fellow athletes from the gladiators to Joe Namath and beyond, to wit: the field is an ace way to meet bimbos.

Brundage, whom Guttman labels the Apostle of Amateurism, was more than a lover of agonistics. In the course of his long first marriage he found time to sport in the percales with any number of women. Along the way, he fathered two sons, born in 1951 and 1952, years when Brundage was jockeying for presidency of the I.O.C. Naturally, he had no time for the bastards, and no inclination to recognize them. Once he won the presidency he had the dignity of his office to maintain. The boys were even omitted from his will.

As president, Brundage maintained his racial views. The Most Powerful Man in Sport (as he came to be called: these were the days before Marvin Miller) had no objection to black athletes participating in his Olympics. After all, wasn't Jesse Owens the star of the 1936 Games? Weren't blacks a growing force in domestic and international athletics? But off the cinder tracks and outside of the gyms, Brundage assumed another attitude. As Guttman has it:

> If black athletes were not legally barred from competition, he did not inquire into the social factors that determined their dominance in sports like boxing and their absence in fencing or tennis. He was, moreover, not especially sensitive [sic] to discrimination outside of sports. In reply to a correspondent who had sent him a virulently racist letter he sent a criticism of *Brown* v. *Board of Education* . . . he seems not to have asked himself about the injustice done to a black athlete who competed on the field as a member of a racially integrated team and was then turned away from the hotel where his teammates sat down to their victory banquet.

BY MICHAEL DAVID BROWN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The most notorious statements of the president were still to come. Although Israel had requested admission to the Olympics in 1951, it was not accepted for more than a decade. Even then there were problems. When an Olympic festival was to be held in Lebanon, Brundage wondered how one could expect the country to invite the Israelis, "when there is practically a state of war between [the Jewish state] and all its neighbors." On which Guttman observes, "Since Brundage had argued the opposite view vis à vis Chinese participation in the 1940 Olympics and Russian participation in the 1956 Olympics, it is difficult not to suspect him of at least vestiges of anti-Semitic prejudice." And impossible not to suspect Professor Guttman of displaying perhaps minuscule specks of whitewash. Then again, it might just be fallout from my pretzel; as I read the book, grains of salt were scattered everywhere.

In any case, the 1972 Olympiad was held in Munich, long one of Brundage's favorite towns. The rest is history, combined, as it so often was in Germany, and in the I.O.C.'s track record, with obscenity. It is not necessary to detail the incidents leading to the massacre of the Israeli weightlifting team by Palestinian terrorists, nor to include much of Brundage's speech following the murders. Suffice to reprint the sentence that provides the book's title: "The Games must go on and we must continue our efforts to keep them clean, pure and honest and try to extend the sportsmanship of the athletic field to other

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areas." Within hours, Red Smith filed his column to *The New York Times*, neatly summing up the entire Olympics movement:

> This time, some thought, they would cover the sandbox and put the blocks aside. But, no. "The Games must go on," said Avery Brundage, high priest of the playground, and 80,000 listeners burst into applause. The occasion was yesterday's memorial service for eleven members of Israel's Olympic delegation. . . . It was more like a pep rally.

The outgoing president's booming address was his last. He was replaced by Michael Morris, Lord Killanin, whom he generously regarded as "an intellectual lightweight, a former journalist and filmmaker without the depth of character necessary for the office." The successor's sins were many; he was "Irish, Catholic, liberal, jovial." Lord Killanin soon won the hearts of his listeners when he declared his qualifications for the high office of I.O.C. leader: "One thing I can tell you. . . . I am not Avery Brundage."

"NOT AVERY Brundage" presents his own story in an autobiography entitled *My Olympic Years* (Morrow, $15.95). The self-justifying memoir is saved, in part, by a sprinkling of cartoons, most of which mock or lampoon the author. Still, the workings of the lordly mind can best be discerned in his Ptolemaic defense of the I.O.C. as an institution of decency. In this strategy, all things domestic and geopolitical merely revolve around the Games. When the United States decided to boycott the Moscow Olympics in 1980, Cyrus Vance made the announcement to the Lord and his colleagues. Killanin recalls:

> It was the depth of insensitivity before an audience whose lives had encompassed the propagation of the Olympic Movement for many years. It indicated to me that this was not just about Afghanistan; it was the campaign of a president trying to squirm his way out of an electoral defeat already firmly written ten months before the election by the American voters.

And he remembers without a discernible trace of irony (always the mark of a great straight man) that unfair comparisons were later made between the Moscow and Berlin Games. "To claim," he says, "that the 1936 Games made conditions in Germany worse [for the sufferers] is wrong. Rather the opposite, for the fact that the Games were in Germany drew the world's attention to events there, with independent newsmen on hand to refute the Nazi propaganda." Doubtless that is why matters markedly improved for the Poles, the Jews, and the Gypsies immediately afterward.

There is a little beyond the "and then I wrote, presided, complained" litany offered by *My Olympic Years*, but from time to time Lord Killanin does throw some small change from his chariot. I had not known, for example, that had the Olympics been staged in Teheran under the Shah, and presumably under the Ayatollah, whose nation seriously bid for the 1984 Summer Games, the marathon would not have been run because "the defeat of the Persians by the Greeks in 480 B.C. was still a preoccupation." Nor was I aware that the new chromosome tests, which separate the men from the hermaphrodites, excluded one woman who later married and now has children. Or that because the Olympics, *pace* the United States, did go on in Moscow, President Leonid Brezhnev offered the author the Order of the Friendship of Peoples, previously bestowed on Kim Philby. (Lord Killanin declined.) Or, perhaps most significantly, that when Killanin's eldest son was

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introduced to Pope John XXIII during the Rome Games in 1960 he was advised by His Holiness, "Remember, not only sport; read books."

Ah, but what books? Well, for the boy who still believes that whatever nations may feel, the Olympics is still the unsullied testing ground for muscle and will, let me recommend *The Complete Book of the Olympics* by David Wallechinsky (Penguin, $10.95). The co-author of *The People's Almanac* and *The Book of Lists* has done his homework well. He includes all of the records of all of the medalists and he adds some diverting photographs of winners ranging back to 1904. But these are available elsewhere. What makes his account invaluable is the anecdota and oddments he offers for nearly every event.

He reminds us, for example, that the concept of amateurism "actually developed in nineteenth-century England as a means of preventing the working classes from competing against the aristocracy." He recalls the heroes of *Chariots of Fire*, and reports that the real Harold Abrahams did not run around the courtyard at Trinity College and that, contrary to the film, Eric Liddell did not learn at the last minute that the final of his specialty, the 100-meter dash, would be held on a Sunday. He was informed six months in advance and had plenty of time to adjust his training for the 200 and 400.

Then there is the file on Eleanor Holm, the swimmer who later became famous for marrying the minuscule impresario Billy Rose. On the way to her third Olympics, Holm got drunk aboard the S.S. *Manhattan* and was abruptly removed from the team. "She went to the stateroom of Avery Brundage and pleaded her case through a crack in the door. It was to no avail. . . ." Joseph Goebbels's Nazi propaganda periodical *Der Angriff* took the side of the American Olympics Committee: "She probably didn't believe they could disqualify her, but she thought wrong. It wasn't herself who mattered. It was the others—and discipline. For that no sacrifice is too great, no matter how many tears are shed." And the two relay racers Marty Glickman and Sam Stoller who were suddenly dropped from the team in 1936: "What made the situation ugly was that Stoller and Glickman were the only Jews on the U. S. track squad."

Or, in a lighter vein, the U.S. bantamweight Joe Lazarus, who in 1924 had the

> misfortune of knocking out his opponent Oscar Andrén of Sweden, and yet being declared the loser. . . . The referee announced that Lazarus was disqualified for hitting during the clinch a few seconds before the knockout punch. Swedish officials were so embarrassed by the ruling that they offered to have the bout refought, but Olympic officials wouldn't allow it.

Or the other boxers: the South Korean flyweight Dong-Kih Choh who staged a fifty-one minute sit-down strike on his little corner stool after being disqualified for holding his head too low in the 1964 Games. And the Spanish featherweight Valentin Loren, who, disqualified for open glove hitting in the same year, turned on the Hungarian referee and gave him a stiff left to the mouth. And can we forget basketball? In 1952, when Uruguay played against France in the semifinals, an American referee was severely attacked by Uruguayan players and spectators, kicked in the groin, and, just before the final whistle, carried off the court in agony. "So many fouls were called in the finals," Wallechinsky reports, "that Uruguay finished the game with only four players and Argentina with three."

Perhaps the most pointed incident in the entire compendium occurred during the Mexico City Games in 1968. Two black runners, Tommie Smith and John Carlos, came in first and third respectively in the 200 meter race. At the victory ceremonies they mounted the dais barefooted, and each raised one black-gloved hand in the black power salute. "The International Olympic Committee made it known that

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Smith and Carlos should be punished, and the U.S. Olympic Committee responded quickly, suspending the two athletes and ordering them to leave Mexico within 48 hours."

Brent Musburger, now of TV but then of Chicago print journalism, spoke for many of his constituents when he called the men "black-skinned storm troopers," and both Smith and Carlos found it difficult to find employment thereafter. (Had the runners been white in 1936, the author muses, and had their hands been raised with the palms down, they would indeed have been giving the storm trooper salute, but the I.O.C. would certainly have looked the other way, and unemployment would not have been the result of their indiscretion.)

WALLECHINSKY'S aim, like Guttman's and Killanin's, is historical, not editorial, and save for a few swipes at the outworn notion of amateurism ("Because the Communist countries claim that they have no professional athletes, they are able to field the best possible teams in every sport"), he seems approving of the Games in general. There is little room in his book for current Olympic conditions. A pity; they bear examining.

Of every dollar sent to the committee, 14¢ goes for "administration." There are doubtless a lot of selfless and dedicated Olympic officials, but it might be diverting to get a look at some of their expense accounts. The U.S.O.C. is hoping for a $10 million share of the Los Angeles Games surplus, and receipts from the Olympic coin program, according to Congressional sources, already exceed $20 million. A corporate tax refund program is still pending in Congress; it could raise as much as $25 million, and that could form the endowment base for the committee's $100 million budget between now and the next Olympics in 1988. Given these figures, the remark of Bruce Wilhelm, a former world-class weightlifter and member of the committee's executive board, seems especially poignant: "When I hear talk about a $100 million budget, my question is: what are the athletes getting out of this?" "Why," I can hear Brundage's spiritual heirs replying, "they are getting the thrill of competition, the knowledge that they are going against the best the world has to offer, on tracks and floors and fields free from the taint of—"

Of what? Commercialism? The endorsement of sneakers and snacks, the relentless claims of the "official" camera, airline, watch, or in the case of Anheuser-Busch, "proud sponsor of the official games" rather than "official beer," provides sufficient answer. Free of international squabbling? *Soviet Culture*, a semiofficial organ, likes to prate about the capitalist "perversion of Olympic ideals." Unmentioned is the pentathlete Boris Onischenko who, during the 1976 Olympics in Montreal was found to be cheating with an electrified epée that registered nonexistent "hits." Or, among many other Eastern European unfortunates, Jerzy Pawlowski, gold medal sabre champion. In 1981, Pawlowski was asked by the Polish government to become an espionage agent. When he refused he was charged with *being* a spy and sentenced to twenty-five years in prison. His name has been removed from all Polish books about the Olympics. Or, in the same Olympics, the Soviet water polo team, so humiliated by their failure to qualify for the final round that they tried to withdraw from the losers' round altogether, suddenly claiming that five players were "too ill" to compete.

How about freedom from the pathological need to triumph even at the cost of self-mutilation? Well, at the Pan American Games last year, eight American weightlifters failed pre-competition drug tests. F. Don Miller, executive director of the U.S.O.C. later reviled the sports doctors who "give the athletes schedules on how they should take [drugs] and when they finish with anabolic steriods, how much time they should wait before they go on testosterone." Miller is anxious to do "everything in our power" to stop this tampering with body chemistry. But Dr. Irvin Dardik, chairman of the U.S.O.C.'s sports medicine council feels that

> drug testing won't solve the problem. If the athletes feel testing is there as a police measure to stop them from taking drugs, those athletes will find drugs that are not on the banned list. Athletes are taking drugs because they want to win, because they feel they need the drugs to win or because they feel somebody else is taking them.

Is there any hope for the Olympics? It depends on what you mean by hope.

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Will they be improved, made free of the circus atmosphere, the exploitation, the international squabbling, the lying and cheating? Not if these books are any indication. Almost from the start the Games have been war by other means, and the rites and wrongos have simply been replaced by other rituals and power brokers. It is not hard to understand the lethal reasoning of the Palestinian quoted by Christopher Dobson and Ronald Payne in their book on terrorism, *The Carlos Complex*: "We recognize that sport is the modern religion of the western world . . . so we decided to use the Olympics, the most sacred ceremony of this religion, to make the world pay attention to us."

Of course there are still those of us who are irreligious in that sense, and who collect hypocrisy in high places. We relish the councils of the United Nations and observe the Olympics as the great heavyweight fight between claims and actualities. For the 2.5 billion others who will watch the events in Sarajevo and Los Angeles, I send forward the statement of John Carlos, the fistic runner who, after his protest in Mexico City, pointed out that the Olympic movement was far more political than his gesture. "Why do you have to wear the uniform of your country?" he asked. "Why do they play national anthems? Why do we have to beat the Russians? Why do the East Germans want to beat the West Germans? Why can't everyone wear the same colors but wear numbers to tell them apart? What happened to the Olympic ideal of man against man?"

THE RUINED REVOLUTION

Family Portrait with Fidel: A Memoir by Carlos Franqui translated by Alfred MacAdam

(Random House, 262 pp., $17.95)

Carlos Franqui, the founder of the influential newspaper *Revolucion* and once a close confidant of Fidel Castro, now an exile in Barcelona, has written an honest account of the origins and problems of the Cuban Revolution. Reading *Family Portrait*, one can come to understand why the revolutionary euphoria of the first years, and the hope and enthusiasm it inspired, gave way two decades later to the Mariel exodus, that desperate expression of yearning for freedom. Franqui also explains why successive generations of the island's best writers, all of them sympathic to the Revolution, have become dissidents, among them Herberto Padilla, Guillermo Cabrera Infantes, and Reinaldo Arenas. Franqui, who was distinguished from the start by his independence and who finally broke with Castro in 1968 over the invasion of Czechoslovakia, exposes the myths of this revolution. He reminds us of the greatest differences that exist between the official Cuba, home of a "new man" lacking the vices and the prejudices of the past, and the Cuba of day-to-day socialism, whose materialistic youth is the antithesis of that new man.

This important book throws light on the first years of the Revolution: the opportunism of those who joined the revolutionary celebration at the final moment, such as Dorticos, the bourgeois president, and the almost unbelievable idealism of the veteran guerrillas, such as Ché. From Franqui we can learn of the origins of a frustrated Cuban nationalism and the hatred felt by generations of young Cubans for sugar, the symbol of the island's condition of dependence on the United States, and for *el Diario de la Marina*, the old Cuban newspaper that served as the organ of the oligarchs of the Batista era.

The Movement of the 26 of July, as Franqui makes clear, was a movement without ideology, except for the utopian vision of José Marti as interpreted by Fidel Castro, a charismatic leader supported by an entire generation of young Cubans for whom he was almost a god. This revolutionary generation, of which Franqui is the most eloquent voice, had been disappointed by the corrupt democracy of Grau San Martin and Prio Socarras, the former Cuban presidents. At the time of the Revolution, however, they were also deeply anti-Communist, because of political pacts that the party had previously entered into with the Batista dictatorship. Franqui writes well of the internal problems of the 26 of July Movement. He describes the conflicts between la Sierra, the mountains, home of Fidel's guerrillas, and el Llano, the plains, where Frank Pais, son of a Protestant minister, led the urban resistance and competed with Fidel himself for the leadership of the movement until he was assassinated by Batista's police. Franqui describes how the Revolutionary Directorate, a movement which distinguished itself in the struggle against the dictatorship, was shut out of power by Fidel soon after the triumph. Meanwhile the Communists, who as late as 1958 clung to the thesis that the 26 of July was a petit-bourgeois movement of adventurers, acquired ascendency in the new Cuba.

Franqui's testimony enables one to understand the unchallenged power of Castro. It was he, above all, whose audacity captured the imagination of the entire island, and of the peoples of Latin America. Fidel's entrance into Havana destroyed all doubts as to who was the supreme leader of the Cuban people. His arrival, eloquently described by Franqui, was a moment of apotheosis:

> From the balcony of the palace he asked the multitudes to open a path: "The people are my bodyguard." And like Moses parting the waters, he crossed the sea of people that ran from Misiones Avenue to the bay, a hero out of Greek mythology and a collective orgasm.

In the first years of revolutionary drunkenness, Castro and the masses were truly one. If he was mistaken, they were mistaken. The authority of *el comandante en jefe*, the commander in chief, was without limits. In those days everything seemed attainable. After all, according to the offical version of events, *el comandante* had survived the attack of thousands of Batista's soldiers with only twelve followers (or twelve apostles). Why then could he not "export" the revolution to the continent, supplanting the old methods of struggle with the experience of la Sierra?

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Still more, why not build socialism in a matter of years, and in the process surpass the Soviets and demonstrate the "superiority" of the Cuban model? In the new Cuba, the mundane concern of economic theories was unimportant. The views of the economist Charles Bettelheim regarding the application of the celebrated law of value to the transition to socialism were ignored; it was necessary to socialize the means of production with speed and without exception, all the way down to the fruit stands in the streets of Havana. If the peasants of El Escambray opposed these measures, as they did in the early 1960s, the revolutionary leadership had no alternative but to eliminate the Cuban kulaks. For this task they mobilized the urban militias. It was workers against peasants.

THESE FIRST years were the years of Regis Debray and *el foquismo*, the revolutionary strategy according to which the vanguard is military, not political. They were the years of Franqui's newspaper *Revolucion* and its brilliant literary supplement *Lunes*, edited by Cabrera Infantes. They were the years of the first purge of the Communist Anibal Escalante and the difficulties with the Soviet Union. Finally, they were the years of the agrarian and urban reforms, and the literacy campaign. Despite the great economic disaster, the war against the peasants of El Escambray, and the growing conceit of Fidel, the first years of the Revolution were years of hope. Excesses and errors were justified by pointing to the hostility of the United States and the abandonment of Cuba by the Soviet Union during the missile crisis, a development which Franqui had foreseen and about which he had warned Castro.

With the Revolution, according to Franqui, the moment had arrived for Cuba to liberate herself from her two old curses—sugar and the United States:

> Cuban conservatives had always asserted that without sugar there would be no Cuba, but revolutionaries had always asserted that with sugar there was no country, no liberty, and no independence. We wondered if it would be possible to feed Cuba without sugar and without the United States. And if it was not possible, people would say, then why have a revolution?

For generations of Cubans, sugar represented the frustrated nationalism of the island and its economic dependence. Sugar meant low prices for exports, minimum salaries for agricultural workers, and eight months of unemployment a year for the rural work force. Yet the Cuban experience finally demonstrates that seizing state power does not in and of itself change the basic structure of a national economy. After years of revolution and literally millions of hours of "voluntary" labor, the Cuban economy still depends on sugar exports and on a single market. While it is possible to debate the differences between the dependency of yesterday and the dependency of today, no one can deny that Cuba is more dependent in 1984 than it was in 1959.

Franqui insists that the ego of Castro, the lack of experience by the leadership, and the absence of economic discipline contributed to the collapse of the Cuban economy. Still, he must also consider that Cuba may have no alternative but to produce sugar. Perhaps its economic dependence is structural, as in the case of Nicaragua or the Dominican Republic, independent of the ideological orientation of the elites that control the state. It was the national effort to liberate Cuba from sugar that caused its economic crisis and paradoxically contributed to the need for the Revolution to fall back on the financial support of the Soviet Union. The greatest error committed by the revolutionaries of Fidel's generation, including Franqui himself, was that they confronted the Revolution with multiple challenges without establishing priorities. They thought only of their objectives, without worrying about the means at their disposal to achieve them. Thus, in attempting to become independent they became more dependent. What Franqui considered to be the greatest challenge of the Revolution, breaking free of the United States without falling into the hands of the Soviet Union, was perhaps an impossible objective to achieve. After years of revolutionary drunkenness and economic anarchy, someone besides the Cuban people—either the United States or the Soviet Union—had to pay the bill.

It is interesting that at this late date many still consider the island to be a model for developing countries. Curiously, those who praise Cuba scorn Puerto Rico. But the economy of both are kept afloat by the largesse of their respective superpower patrons. Cuba's extensive medical and educational services are not financed by a domestic economic surplus; they are paid for with enormous transfers of Soviet economic aid. Perhaps Fidel was seeking to rationalize the dependent state of his economy when, in early 1981, he dismissed as impossible the recommendation of a group of Nicaraguan economists who insisted that the central challenge of the Sandinista revolution consisted of generating a domestic surplus. The Nicaraguans explained that aid would have to complement, not substitute for, their country's internal effort. After all, as was said in private, the Soviet Union has the capacity to maintain only one Cuba and the United States only one Puerto Rico. In the end, an economy that receives a four billion dollar annual subsidy cannot be considered a model of economic development.

It was the charismatic figure of Fidel, the initial advances of the Revolution, and the challenge of the United States that kept the Cuban people in favor of the revolutionary process in spite of economic stagnation. Franqui himself, both a revolutionary and a dissident, encountered a great dilemma:

> You could see the old Cuba fading away. You could see the U.S. threat, the threat of the counterrevolutionaries. You could see just how popular Fidel still was with the people despite the obvious injustices. I could see how any opposition would be branded counterrevolutionary: the case of David Salvador proved it. And in exile, if you weren't a Batista man or pro-Yankee, you were nothing.

Nevertheless, the first rumblings of popular discontent could be felt. There was the terrible war against the peasants of El Escambray. To their story can be added the story of the town of Cardenas. When the women of Cardenas took to the streets to protest for better food and better treatment from local authorities, the official reaction was to accuse them of counterrevolutionary activities; in Franqui's words, "Many people were jailed, and the poor black

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He liked the stone
Insides of the cathedral,
The angels' haloes,
Like orbitals of anger
Lifted from the mind,
And the father, omnipresent.

In the tinted light
Temper was a memory—
Hurled keys imprinted
Fossil-like upon the wall—
And tantrum a mixed blessing,
Relief and punishment in one.

Rows of seats like at the cinema
And an incessant memory
That replayed the scene:
Father hesitating toward the door,
Mother trying hard to smile
Through the new asymmetry.

He saw it two-dimensional,
Then watched it tear
As he'd torn through the house
Suspecting anything
Intact, bent
On baring every seam.

And if he was left
With pieces of a whole
He could have cared about,
Silence and a sense
Of order shamed by randomness,
In the pew it didn't matter.

It wasn't grace
That calmed him there,
Nor the opiating incense,
But the complex colored
Windows that reminded him
Of his favorite toy:

A miracle of mirrors
He'd spent a month's allowance on
Because it proved
That broken things can fall
Back together and be
As perfect as before.

ELIZABETH WATERHOUSE

women were magically transformed into middle-class ladies, enemies of the revolution." Castro's charismatic authority over the masses soon proved to be an inadequate means of social control. In order to build "socialism" without the spontaneity of the first years of the Revolution, it became necessary to impose the will of a "revolutionary minority" over the majority, which was Fidelista but was certainly not Communist.

But the only "revolutionary minority" with a spirit of discipline, a proven adminstrative ability, and a devotion to the principles of scientific socialism was composed of members of the Communist Party. And so they were called upon to establish the new mechanisms of social control (or popular democracy, according to the ideological preference of the reader). The cadres of the Cuban Communist Party became indispensable not only for their ties to the Soviet Union, but also because they would be the architects (at the service of Fidel) who would lay the foundations of the social infrastructure of the new Cuba.

Today, Castro is one of the greatest apologists for the Soviet Union. Aside from recognizing Cuba's great dependence on Moscow for economic and military assistance, Castro understands that when he defends the Soviet system he is also defending his own system. With the exception of the East German leadership, for example, there is no more furious critic of Solidarity than Castro. Perhaps this is because he sees the danger that in his absence Cuba could become the next Poland.

TODAY, CUBAN youth is the antithesis of the "new man." The ambitious are obsessed with the hierarchies of authority and covet bureaucratic power, while the majority is obsessed with American jeans and Adidas tennis shoes. Even after endless, and often violent, campaigns against so-called antisocial elements, prostitution flourishes and the homosexual "problem" is not, as a member of the party once said, restricted to the dancers of the national ballet. In fact, the Cuban government guards no information more jealously than that which concerns social problems: crime, divorce, and homosexuality (a great sin in official eyes). There is no doubt that the generation born with the Revolution is not content. Cuba's disaffected—the young, the intellectuals, and the homosexuals—are united by a yearning for liberty. Eventually they may come to challenge the Soviet model.

What is most striking is that the Cuban people perceive Castro himself to be a prisoner of the party, the bureaucracy, and the Russians. It is as though the masses see Castro as the last residue of Cubanness in official Cuba, absolved of the sins of the governing elite. In reality, Castro is the principal pillar of the Communist system in Cuba. Perhaps there is reason for believing, as a disillusioned member of the Communist youth said in private, that the only hope for Cuba lies in the death of Castro. The *comandante en jefe*, the young "Communist" said, is like a huge tree which protects with its shade but permits nothing to grow up around it.

CARLOS FRANQUI'S candid memoir describes the drama of Latin American democrats, who are prisoners of orthodoxies and extremes. Franqui undoubtedly represents the best of an entire Caribbean tradition. He is deeply nationalist, radically progressive, and truly democratic. Certainly one of his greatest virtues has been his consistency in his principles, yesterday as a leader of the Revolution and today as a dissident. He cannot be accused of opportunism.

And reading *Family Portrait* is a moving experience for a Nicaraguan. The Sandinista revolution and the Cuban Revolution are converging in history: there is the same euphoria of the first years, the same idealism of the old and ostracized fighters, the same opportunism of the old politicos. And today in Nicaragua, as yesterday in Cuba, there is the same war against the kulaks, the same charge of counterrevolutionary activity, and the same radical tourists that Franqui describes so well:

> On the way back to Havana I passed through Varadero and wondered what sort of Cuba the visitors were seeing while ten minutes away there was a carnival of persecution in full swing. These people saw a stage-set Cuba, not the reality we had to live in every day, and they took the part for the whole.

The only really puzzling thing about Franqui is his preoccupation with the opinion of left-wing European intellectuals. It is they, after all, who generally attack Franqui himself and refuse to respect the novelist Renaldo Arenas for his years in prison. It is they, too, who frequently justify the lack of liberty in the new Cuba, and the abuses that

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are committed in the name of socialism, as the "price" that must be paid for revolution. What an irony that those who could not bear to live in the Cuba of day-to-day socialism—where the power of the state is suffocating, where they would not be allowed to read their beloved Trotsky—are Cuba's greatest apologists.

It was Franqui's greatest mistake, or it was his salvation, to have removed his beard and his olive green uniform a few days after the triumph of the Revolution. When he surrendered these symbols, he lost the right to be part of a myth. Franqui may have been a stranger in his own political culture for believing that Castro would not become a socialist caudillo, more concerned with Cuban baseball than with the freedom of intellectuals. Perhaps the tragedy of Cuba (and of Nicaragua) is to be found in a culture that prizes bravery over intelligence.

ARTURO CRUZ SEQUEIRA

Arturo Cruz Sequeira is a former Sandinista official now living in Washington. His articles have appeared in *The New York Times*, *The Los Angeles Times*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, and elsewhere.

WHO OWNS THE PAST?

The Invention of Tradition
edited by Eric Hobsbawm and Terence Ranger

(Cambridge University Press, 320 pp., $29.95)

Only fifteen years ago the distinguished British historian J. H. Plumb could confidently announce the "death of the past" in a short volume of that title. He did not mean, of course, that we had reached the end of history, or even the end of historiography (a somewhat popular idea today). What had ended, he believed, was the *power* of the past over the lives of modern men. And this was to be welcomed. The religious past, the ideological past, the superstitious past, even the artistic past, were all losing their authoritative power as the developed Western nations became more thoroughly modern. Rapid transportation and new information technologies were bringing us closer together; science and science education were exorcising all spirit from matter; and, perhaps most importantly, historical studies were bleeding the past of all rational purpose, rendering it useless to the ideologue or the priest. "The future of history and historians," he wrote, "is to cleanse the story of mankind from those deceiving visions of a purposeful past." We are becoming a pastless culture; indeed,

> in some aspects of life the domination of the past had disappeared almost completely. . . . Occasionally an artist, even Picasso, will turn to an ancient myth, but rarely to the events of history. And one cannot imagine a skyscraper with flying buttresses or Doric columns.

Yet even as he wrote, the intellectual climate was changing radically. If we were to read such an obituary today we would expect it to express some melancholy regret for "the world we have lost." Plumb's description of postwar modern architecture and art also clues us to the new mood. However we might evaluate the new "postmodern" styles in building and painting that have emerged since he wrote, they are anything but pastless. A glance at the latest architecture journal, or a stroll through our major cities, tells us that columns are thrusting and buttresses are flying once again. Art galleries and art magazines tell a similar story: that the figure of history and myth is an acceptable, even fashionable, subject for painting today. These uses of the past may have complex roots, and might be criticized for historical or stylistic unseriousness, but such criticisms should not make us lose sight of the important transformation: that contemporary artists and architects have abandoned the idea of a progressive modern age for the idea of a new, "postpastless" one.

There is no way of knowing whether anything intellectually or aesthetically significant will develop from this mood, but it is interesting to note how widely it is shared today. Although conservatives, such as sociologist Edward Shils in his recent work *Tradition*, remain interested in the "presentness of things past," tradition is a theme that now transcends political and disciplinary boundaries. Some of our most influential poetry critics write that works can only be understood as attempted breaks from tradition, that each poem is a parricide. Contemporary philosophy professors, intent on upsetting the dominant Anglo-American analytic school, are arguing that words and their reference are tightly bound within each culture's "tradition of discourse," a tradition even philosophy cannot escape. And the current research in ethnicity among social scientists, which reminds us of, and implicitly applauds, the tenacity of *Gemeinschaft* in the face of a universalizing *Gesellschaft*, also seems to reflect and applaud the tenacity of the past in the face of a modernizing present.

So if anything is dead today, it is the "death of the past." And this is to be welcomed. Yet we should not be too

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quick to dismiss as naive the faith Plumb expressed fifteen years ago. There is a disturbing lesson to be learned from him at a time when the "rediscovery" of the past also seems bound up with a reaction against important intellectual values—of progress, of reason, of objectivity—that the suppression of the past apparently allowed to flourish. Today, in art, architecture, historical studies, literary criticism, philosophy, politics, and even in the sciences, nearly every counter-Enlightenment idea of the past 250 years is being resurrected in an effort to reverse the thrust of the "modern" movements of the twentieth century. "The past" is one of those ideas; tradition is another. And much as we might welcome the rerecognition of our ties with the past, it is not clear what it will cost us. There is the haunting suspicion that irrationalism and reaction lay at the bottom of the post-modern disposition.

The politics of this disposition are complex indeed, bringing into an uneasy coalition the radical and conservative critics of modern society. It would seem that radical and conservative intellectuals share a great deal today—a belief in the importance of the old ways, a contempt for "naive" liberalism, a skepticism about the claims of science, a frustration with the "inhumanity" of modernism in the arts and architecture, and so on. But once the past has been disinterred, the battle is just begun. Radicals and conservatives wish to head in utterly different directions. Once it is agreed that modern liberal reason cannot fulfill its self-proclaimed Enlightenment aims, that the weight of the past is unavoidably on us, a more difficult and disturbing question arises: Who owns the past?

RECENT WORK in intellectual and social history sheds an interesting light on these contemporary questions, revealing that the battle for ownership of the past has a long and complicated history. It seems we have been through this before. Indeed, one might say that what makes us "modern" is precisely this pendulum we ride between the pastless and the traditional, the enlightened and the romantic. Once it was *la querelle des anciens et modernes*. Today it is modernists versus postmodernists. But no matter what the labels, these histories show that certain fundamental issues have remained the same: What is the historical status of the cultural traditions we believe to be transmitted from the past? How and why is the past revived in modern society? Who revives it, and to what ends?

Perhaps the best recent illustration of this impasse is *The Invention of Tradition*, a collection of essays edited by British historians Eric Hobsbawm and Terence Ranger, and one of a series brought out by Cambridge University Press for the radical history journal, *Past and Present*. The volume takes as its theme the invention and revival of cultural traditions over the past two hundred years, with each contributor examining what he takes to be deeper political motives behind a particular invention in Europe or its colonies. Hobsbawm and Ranger had an excellent idea in calling an academic conference on the subject of "invented traditions," and an even better one in publishing the conference papers in this volume. The subject is an important one, calling for a combination of historical and sociological interest that most of the authors share, perhaps because of their Marxist or quasi-Marxist sympathies.

WHAT exactly they mean by "invented" rather than "genuine" social traditions is not that clear, however, despite Hobsbawm's efforts to provide a definition in the introduction. He writes:

> "Invented tradition" is taken to mean a set of practices, normally governed by overtly or tacitly accepted rules and of a ritual or symbolic nature, which seek to inculcate certain values and norms of behaviour by repetition, which automatically implies continuity with the past. . . . The peculiarity of "invented" traditions is that the continuity with it is largely factitious.

Am I alone in finding this definition evasive? Hobsbawm's meaning becomes somewhat clearer when he contrasts tradition with custom. Tradition is invariant, he says, custom is innovative; judges' robes are traditional, the law is customary. The contrast, then, appears to be between the use of the past in an authentically organic way, and its use for dogmatic or self-serving ends. Thus, "genuine traditions need neither be revived or invented."

This simple distinction between the authentic and the inauthentic poses obvious problems for the historian, problems not all these authors are able to avoid. Only Hugh Trevor-Roper, in his essay on invented highland traditions in Scotland, maintains this distinction firmly, because the evidence is clear cut and he has no theoretical merchandise to peddle.

Beginning from the arguable premise that Scotland has always been a cultural colony of Ireland, Trevor-Roper insists that most valued Scottish "customs" were in fact created by nationalists in search of a usable past. The forging of the Ossian poems by James Macpherson, who claimed his manuscript showed Scottish cultural links to "ancient Caledonia," is a most amusing example of the extremes to which the craving for lineage can drive the romantic personality. The kilt, on the other hand, seems to have been imposed by an eighteenth-century English Quaker who wished his scantily clad Scottish factory workers properly dressed. It experienced some popularity among workers until it was banned by the British after the rebellion of 1745, and then was forgotten. Not until the English ban was lifted in 1782 did the kilt return, and then mainly among the gentry who wished to play up their highland roots. And distinctive plaids became associated with each clan only in the early nineteenth century after two other romantic historians, the Stuart brothers, published *The Costume of the Clans*, which claimed to find the sixteenth-century origins of distinct clan tartans. Trevor-Roper's wicked pen leaves almost no Scottish tradition standing, but he expresses little contempt for these misguided romantics, calling them "*fantaisistes* rather than forgers."

David Cannadine takes the same benign attitude toward invented tradition in his excellent chapter on the rituals of the British monarchy. Over the past 150 years, he suggests, royal ceremony and royal power have been inversely related in England: as the real political power of the crown has waned, ceremonies have grown more elaborate and regular, and have come to be seen as timeless, invariant social practices. In the century or so preceding Victoria, public pageant had fallen into disrepair, as many critics of the monarchy complained. Coronations were indifferently conducted, funerals were drunken parties, and ceremonial music almost ceased to be composed. Compared to his continental peers, the English monarch was a pauper caricatured by the press and dragged through the streets of London in a shabby coach. As the power of Parliament rose and those of the monarch fell, the public need for

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royal ritual increased—and was met. Cannadine does a splendid job of documenting this change in everything from the condition of the royal carriage and the grandeur of the ceremonies (coronations, jubilees, marriages) to the introduction of public holidays, and the marketing of commemorative paraphernalia. Unfortunately he leaves unexplored other possible explanations of the conversion of these rituals into traditions. (One wonders, for example, whether wider literacy and political enfranchisement might have increased, rather than decreased, royalist sentiment by making it available to the masses.) But that the traditional rituals of modern British monarchy are of recent vintage is certainly clear. If the wedding of Charles and Diana is any measure, the power of these rituals has hardly diminished.

THE ESSAYS by Trevor-Roper and Cannadine succeed because they are written with a measure of sympathy for the periods they study, and this sympathy frees them to see clearly, without moral outrage, how the battle for the past was conducted. Terence Ranger takes a less benign view of revivalism and invention in his chapter on the uses of the European tradition in colonial Africa. Not a bad piece of research overall, Ranger's essay is so clotted with Marxist jargon that his more interesting insights are nearly lost. Some pages read as though they were lifted whole from Lenin's *Imperialism*: "By the 1880s and 1890s there was a surplus of neotraditional capital in Europe waiting to be invested overseas." Ranger provides numerous examples of European manners and customs filtering into local colonial culture, and separates himself from many Africanists by admitting that even "the tribe" and "the nation" were imported European ideas bearing little relation to nineteenth-century African realities, and having serious (and bloody) consequences ever since. He wishes to show that we must go back *before* the beginning—before the false Africa of the colonialists, before the false, Europeanized ideas of African nationalists—to see the "real" African traditions of the past.

And what were these traditions really like? Ranger can only outline them, but he is convinced that they were not sexist, "ageist," or intolerant. Those deplorable habits were first introduced by Europeans, and have been preserved and used by what he calls the "bourgeois élite culture." (Is it intentional irony in a chapter on imported European ideas to write of "bourgeois élite culture" in the African bush? I somehow doubt it.) At this point we see where he is headed, and why the "invention of tradition" is of interest to him: it allows one to delegitimate the use of liberal European categories in examining the past, while simultaneously importing Marxist European concepts for reestablishing an "authentic" line of tradition for building the future. Ranger's chapter makes clear that the only properly "authentic" traditions would be local, egalitarian, nonauthoritative, nonhierarchical, and homely.

The remaining chapters on Welsh romanticism and colonial India are scholarly and sober. One turns to Hobsbawm's concluding chapter to provide some summary point of view, since his ideas and work clearly have inspired much of this research. Unfortunately he greatly overreaches, trying to document the "mass production" of European traditions between 1870 and 1914 and simultaneously explain their relation to political changes and the spread of bourgeois life. It is clear that this period saw the "invention" of many public symbols associated with nationalism. Many holidays were proclaimed (Bastille Day in 1880, May Day in 1890), new national anthems were composed, commemorative stamps were distributed; the period proved to be a significant one for European public architecture and statuary. Hobsbawm also recounts how during this period many of our present day mass sports, such as soccer, were organized and popularized.

What all this has to do with invention or tradition is left unclear. By the end of this curious chapter Hobsbawm's terms have become so elastic as to be useless, and his sociological thesis finally drives out his historical research. Tradition, ritual, symbol, monument, and custom become hopelessly confused. How, for instance, can we think of statues and sports as "traditions" in the same sense, and invented ones at that? Hobsbawm's thesis, that "the invention of political traditions coincides with that of social ones," requires this equation, but it oversimplifies and eventually distorts the unique politics and culture of fin de siècle Europe. His is a plausible thesis, but one that cannot possibly be supported in a forty-four page discussion of class structure, industrialization, the fate of empire, the decline of monarchy,

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and so on. Everything is supposed to explain everything else, and ends up explaining little.

The tendentious tone of Hobsbawm's and Ranger's essays suggests a deeper motivation than scholarship, or even journalistic muckraking. They have bigger fish to fry. Ranger wishes to purge the values of European culture from colonial Africa to reveal a mythical, egalitarian *ur*-past, and Hobsbawm wishes to connect Marxist analyses of mass material production to political and cultural production in modern bourgeois life. In stripping away tradition, they seek the authentic—the unspoken assumption being that, were it not for European imperialism and "late" capitalism and the false traditions they invent, real and authentic traditions would flourish.

But this is romanticism: all traditions have their deepest roots in the nontraditional, and most are born as conscious breaks with some previous tradition. Only the limits of the historical record or the time of the historians prevent us from discovering when and for what purpose every social tradition was originally invented. And our grandchildren will no doubt humor themselves with the traditions our age has produced—in politics, sex, language, and certainly scholarship. Perhaps we can distinguish between the innocently created and the disingenuous, between the flexible and the rigid. We may also learn why particular epochs seem such fertile periods for revival and invention. But we will never find a tradition that was not, at one time or another, invented. To live with tradition is to learn to live with this "inauthenticity."

THE POLITICAL use of the past is an extraordinarily rich subject for the historian. It might be pursued with profit in the study of modern totalitarian regimes, for example, where the controlled reproduction of the past is a central state function. Unfortunately, Hobsbawm and Ranger are more concerned with reinventing an "authentic" past for their own purposes than with seriously understanding how all modern societies grapple with their traditions. However accomplished the research, one is left feeling that J. G. A. Pocock had it right when he wrote: "The radical reconstructs the past in order to authorize the future; he historicises the present in order to deprive it of authority."

As historical accounts of the invention and uses of tradition, these are extremely useful essays. What disappoints is the authors' failure to reflect on their own role as historians of this phenomenon, and their unwillingness to ask whether they, too, are conducting a battle in this drawn-out struggle for the past. The odd fact is that there once was a time when Marxists and liberals would have ignored the question of tradition in history. For them the past was truly dead, replaced either by the rational science of society or the unfolding of enlightened reason. To understand political history meant to rise above the power of the past. Only conservatives talked about tradition.

ALL THAT HAS changed now. The invocation of the past by Marxists and liberals is less ironic than revealing, as it points to deeper problems in both streams of contemporary thought. Since almost all Marxists today admit that the "scientific" predictions about capitalism were wrong, and that much of Marx's sociology is irrelevant, they are reverting to the sort of wooly, romantic utopianism for which Marx had such contempt. This has required the dismissal of the scientific Marx (and of science), as well as the revival of the "early" humanistic Marx, and of the twentieth-century Marxists who preferred the founder's humanism to his science. It has also meant the veneration of traditions supposedly embodied in local community and folk culture. (E. P. Thompson's deep admiration of William Morris is a perfect case in point.) Capitalism is no longer criticized by radicals only as a barrier to the future, but also as a destroyer of the cozy communal past. Tradition has become attractive to liberals as they have slowly lost faith in the fruits of some of their ideals, as reason, economic progress, and scientific objectivity have come to seem unattainable—or all too attainable. We must slow down, it is said, before technology or corporations rob us of our humane past; let us preserve our buildings, our factories, our neighborhoods, our ethnic traditions.

Neoconservatism complicates matters further, since it speaks less than conservatism customarily has about the past and more about the future and capitalism's ability to steadily improve it through economic growth. Tradition is still invoked, but not piously; it is an empirical conclusion, a source of

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practical wisdom in thinking about the family or social uses of religion. The rationalistic, destabilizing tendencies of modernity seem less problematic to neoconservatives, who, if they are traditionalists in any sense, only see themselves defending what Edward Shils has called the "antitraditional traditions" of democratic capitalist society, and not the *status quo ante*.

So we are, all of us, schizophrenic about the past: that is our heritage as children of the Enlightenment. The burden of the past was once like the burden of an unquestioned and unquestionable religion, and the great strength of modern society is its freedom from that burden. But its greatest weakness is that same freedom, which leaves us incomplete as individuals, and occasionally forces us to re-create guiding pasts like so many self-crafted idols we rub nervously when the burden of that freedom becomes too great. That is why intellectuals and artists conduct proxy wars for tradition. So Plumb was not wrong to say that modern man had killed the past. Still he was only half right. The obituary should read: "The past is dead—long live the past!"

MARK LILLA

Mark Lilla is executive editor of *The Public Interest*.

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How New York Stole the Idea of Modern Art: Abstract Expressionism, Freedom, and the Cold War by Serge Guilbaut translated by Arthur Goldhammer

(The University of Chicago Press, 287 pp., $22.50)

There has lately been a renewal of interest in abstract expressionism. Young American artists, perhaps tiring of what Harold Rosenberg called "the tradition of the new," the frenetic succession of schools that followed upon the ascendency of abstract expressionism, are said to be returning to the work of Mark Rothko, Adolph Gottlieb, Jackson Pollock, Barnett Newman, Robert Motherwell, and Willem de Kooning. Magazines and newspapers are featuring stories on abstract expressionism; publishers are producing monographs; major retrospectives of the style and its principal practitioners have opened or are planned. Serge Guilbaut, a French art historian now teaching at the University of British Columbia, has written a book with a market.

If his catchy main title, *How New York Stole the Idea of Modern Art*, seems designed to appeal to this market, or at least to attract its attention, it also expresses a degree of resentment, not surprising in a Frenchman, of some of the New York School's modernist ambitions. Actually, the story of how New York replaced Paris as the world's capital of art is subsidiary to the main theme of this book, although it does suggest one of the sources of the author's embittered contempt for most things American—our art, our artists, our art dealers, our critics, our politics. His central argument is indicated in his subtitle: *Abstract Expressionism, Freedom, and the Cold War*. It is Guilbaut's provocative thesis that the art of the abstract expressionists, or rather its critical promotion, constituted a response to the "brutality of the cold war." This response, while seemingly ill assorted with established American values, actually "came to coincide," according to Guilbaut, with the ideological promotion of America's image and the formulation of anti-Soviet and anti-Communist propaganda in the immediate postwar period and later in the 1950s.

Guilbaut's argument, so far as I am aware, must be termed pioneering; the first sustained effort to apply what some Marxists call "ideology critique" to the hitherto unassailed territory of abstract expressionism. For years this ground has been guarded by the academics, the museum directors, and the curators of modern art, who followed upon and codified the insights of such brilliant early propagandists for this avant-garde as Harold Rosenberg and Clement Greenberg; more recently it has been guarded by those who, like Hilton Kramer, have made a point of combining their taste for modern art with the passions of neoconservativism.

Specifically, Guilbaut's extraordinary thesis is that abstract expressionism was taken up by officials of the Truman Administration (though not, apparently, by Truman himself, whose views on modern art Guilbaut represents as close to those of the hilarious Congressman Dondero, who believed that it equaled Communism), architects of the Marshall Plan, contributors to anti-Communist journals (principally *Partisan Review*, principally Clement Greenberg), private companies which funded exhibits and used abstract expressionist art in their advertisements, the Museum of Modern Art, *Time* magazine, cold-war liberals such as Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. and all the other persons and agencies whom he believes to have

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been concerned with countering the influence of communism and enhancing America's new military and economic power in the world with the cultural prestige of a victorious style in painting. Why abstract expressionism? Because while it was uniquely American—violent, rough-hewn, individualistic—it was thought to be truly international in its appeal. Because its practitioners claimed—conveniently, Guilbaut would have us understand—to be politically neutral. Because it was suppressed in the Soviet Union—but about this Guilbaut says next to nothing—and the mere toleration of such nonconforming art was an advertisement for America.

There were many available styles of painting at the beginning of the period Guilbaut studies, 1948-51, including regionalism, neo-cubism, and surrealism. There were even holdouts for realism, and artists who worked happily within the tradition of the School of Paris. None of these painters "made it." It is Guilbaut's opinion that they failed to become *the* American painters not because of any intrinsic artistic inferiority to the abstract expressionists or, for that matter, because of any intrinsic artistic superiority on the part of the abstract expressionists. Considerations of artistic merit are quite meaningless to Guilbaut. Rather, it was the easy manipulability of the abstract expressionists by what Guilbaut refers to, polemically, as "cold-war liberalism," whether they personally knew or approved of this manipulation or not, that guaranteed their success and the failure of their rivals.

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THIS REMARKABLE assertion is worth pausing over. What does Guilbaut mean by manipulation? That there was cultural-political manipulation during the postwar period and throughout the 1950s is incontestable. The C.I.A. attempted to manipulate intellectuals by funding certain magazines and organizations. Is this the kind of manipulation Guilbaut means? If it is, he would have to extend the dates of his study beyond 1951, for one thing, and also cite evidence that painters were seduced into consulting the Administration on foreign policy matters, or asked to broadcast their views to the benighted East, or indeed do anything or have anything done to them which would suggest the service he seeks to establish.

The manipulation of which Guilbaut complains transcends the merely factual. Primarily ideological in character, it has rather a nightmarish quality. The evidence is everywhere. Malign manipulation may be detected in so apparently ordinary a development as Clement Greenberg's shift from an enthusiastic 1930s-style radicalism to a more conservative outlook. Greenberg, Guilbaut's reasoning runs, was a prominent exponent of the avant-garde. If he moves to the right, that means he tried to move the painters with him. And then there is Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. In his 1949 tract *The Vital Center: The Politics of Freedom*, which for Guilbaut epitomizes the postwar climate, Schlesinger contrasts the bureaucratic conformism of Soviet life with the toleration of extremes of personal behavior and the prevalence of anxiety in the Western democracies. Since the abstract expressionists were in one way or another extreme and eccentric in their private lives, and since they valued the irrational and represented (or were said to represent) anxiety in their works, Schlesinger's defense of pluralism and his anti-Communism and the abstract expressionists are all the same. Schlesinger's ideal citizen, in Guilbaut's "reading" of *The Vital Center*, turns out to be none other than Jackson Pollock: "In his 'extremism' and violence Pollock represented the rebel. . . . transformed for the sake of the cause into nothing less than a liberal warrior for the cold war." The conspiratorial vagueness of this sentence is quite typical. How exactly was Pollock "transformed"? Who or what accomplished it? Not Schlesinger, in any case, whose book, it seems important and yet somehow pointless to observe, does not so much as mention Jackson Pollock.

Guilbaut's reference to Clement Greenberg's politics would be more plausible if Greenberg displayed as little scruple as our neoconservatives do now in colonizing the cultural past and claiming intellectual figures for their own political purposes. But I see no evidence that Greenberg sought to capture his painters or read right-wing themes into their work. So far as I can tell from his writing—and even from Guilbaut's own account—what Greenberg valued in painters as a radical he continued to value as a conservative.

GUILBAUT IS at his most misleading when he attempts to characterize the political divisions of the period. We learn about the "right-wing uniformity of the decade of the 1950s," as if this were beyond question, or "the ideology of the Popular Front and the New Deal," as if these two related yet distinct phenomena were wholly continuous. This simplifying and labeling approach, combined with a certain will to mislead on his part, permits Guilbaut to characterize the principal political conflict in the postwar period as occurring between two opposed groups: anti-Communists versus a few "non-Communist liberals" and radicals like Dwight MacDonald. This is seductively simple, all the more so as Dwight MacDonald was a good and honest man. But as anyone who has read William O'Neill's *A Better World* will know, reality was more complicated than this morality play.

The absence in Guilbaut's book of any inkling of what communism has meant in the real world, the horror and the crime of it, makes the sudden appearance of zealous anti-Communists seem inexplicable, the working of some malign power. Indeed, Guilbaut refuses to discuss the causes of the cold war because the debate strikes him "as an

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artifact of the period." He is more interested, he remarks in the introduction, in understanding how the public "reacted to the image of the Soviet threat" than in the "reality of the crisis." Here we come to the heart of what is wrong with this book: it proposes to replace politics with perceptions, reality with images. Guilbaut's thesis is like a dream in which everything is connected to everything else. It will seem plausible to those who conceive of society as a conspiracy. It cannot elucidate the relation between politics and art, or indeed anything about art itself.

SURELY IT IS fair to regard much, if not all, of what the cold-war liberals said and believed as justified by Soviet actions. Guilbaut thinks not. His "cold-war liberalism" is a code word for aggressive nationalism, imperalism, and rigid anticommunism. But as Diana Trilling wrote recently in this magazine, cold-war liberalism need not have a pejorative connotation; it may be regarded as the view of those who recognized, as she put it, that

> so long as communism and democracy live in the same world, they are bound to be at war with each other . . . [it is therefore important] that every resource of statesmanship, intelligence and restraint be called upon to keep this war cold.

Guilbaut's cultural analysis in *How New York Stole the Idea of Modern Art* is not nearly as bold, if that's the word, as his ideological excursions. It consists of routine attacks on the commodification and trivalization of art under capitalism—for example, the often observed fact that paintings by the socialist Leger were used to sell the latest fashions in *Vogue*. He labors the point that "The strength of the avant-garde was proportional to the strength of the reaction against it . . . a violent reaction by a part of the middle-class worked in favor of the avant-garde, which used this opposition to promote its work in more 'enlightened' sectors of the bourgeoisie." This sentence could apply equally to the *salon des refusés* as to the painters of postwar America. That it has sometimes been advantageous for artists to *épater le bourgeois* is a chestnut of cultural history, and nothing more.

Guilbaut has a number of other points to make, none of them to do with the actual paintings of the abstract expressionists. It is indeed a remarkable thing that in an art historical study that is 277 pages long there should be only two (maybe three) discussions of individual works of art. Guilbaut's longest commentary—some three paragraphs—is on Jackson Pollock's *Sounds in the Grass: Shimmering Substance*, and even here he persists in drawing the most gallumphing of inferences about Pollock's mythologization of the destructive power of the atomic bomb. To be fair, Guilbaut says forthrightly that he is not offering "formal analysis," or the kind of art history that provides "detailed chronology, distribution of prizes (who did what first), study of influences, classification, group apologia, and hagiography." But by refusing to deal directly, or in any critically responsible way, with any of the actual canvases of abstract expressionism, Guilbaut evades what is surely one of the primary duties of the art historian, "formalist" or not. That is to respond to the paintings themselves. The mind-numbing abstractions of which this book is full (as in: "American art moves first from nationalism to internationalism and then from internationalism to universalism") are no substitute for genuine criticism. And yet Guilbaut would have us believe that to respond visually is itself retrograde, as when he dismisses an art historian for being "content to describe the visible surface of things," i.e., presumably, paintings.

This attempt to abstract these abstractionists cannot fail to seem odd to anyone who knows the work of the painters in question. But what of the artists who have returned to the work of these painters? And the critics who have returned their attention to the '40s and '50s? They may not have meditated much on liberalism and communism, on the United States and the Soviet Union. They may just accept Guilbaut's conclusion. As a consequence, this book, as turgidly and tendentiously written as it is, might very well do its little bit of harm.

OLIVER CONANT

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THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

Politics in the Ancient World by M. I. Finley (Cambridge University Press). This skillful study examines the nature of political participation in the polis. (Reviewed 12/12/83)

Khodasevich: His Life and Art by David Bethea (Princeton University Press). An authoritative study of an important Russian poet and critic too long neglected. (2/13/84)

A Calculating People: The Spread of Numeracy in Early America by Patricia Cline Cohen (University of Chicago Press). A well-crafted study of the emergence of quantification in American culture. (2/13/84)

Finest Hour: Winston Churchill 1939-1941 by Martin Gilbert (Houghton Mifflin). A vast biographical undertaking, this volume vividly treats the leader's most dramatic years. (12/5/83)

The Aeneid by Virgil, translated by Robert Fitzgerald (Random House). A new, authoritative translation of the Roman epic. (11/28/83)

Louis Armstrong: American Genius by James Lincoln Collier (Oxford University Press). A full and perceptive portrait, which includes learned discussions of his music. (1/30/84)

Midsummer by Derek Walcott (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A masterful fifty-four-poem sequence, which establishes the poet's place at the center of current English poetry. (1/23/84)

Swift: The Man, His Works, and the Age, Volume Three: Dean Swift by Irvin Ehrenpreis (Harvard University Press). An exhaustive, often elegant treatment of the writer's last years. (2/13/84)

Time After Time by Molly Keane (Knopf). A darkly comic story of revenge among the Irish gentry. (1/30/84)

Stones for Ibarra by Harriet Doerr (Viking). A strikingly crafted first novel that tells fateful tales of life and death in a remote Mexican village. (1/30/84)

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MONTREAL DIARIST

L'Affaire Schwartz

MONTREAL IS unquestionably the best place in Canada to eat smoked meat. Much as Boston delis boast about their genuine New York pastrami, restaurants in Toronto often advertise "real Montreal smoked meat." The finest smoked meat in town is said to be found at Schwartz's Hebrew Delicatessen. In recent months, however, Schwartz's has become widely known for something other than its pastrami. It is the latest victim of Quebec Province's restrictive language charter, drafted by the Parti Québécois, the ruling separatist party, to establish irrevocably the supremacy of the French language and culture here. The original legislation, passed in 1977, ruled that all public commercial signs in Quebec must be in French only. The English and Hebrew signs advertising Schwartz's delicious smoked meat would have to go. But subsequent changes in the law established that "languages other than French" could be used to advertise commercial establishments "specializing in foreign national specialties of a particular ethnic group." Minority rights activists set out to prove that Schwartz's qualified for exemption under the new ruling.

THE BURNING ISSUE now being debated in the halls of Quebec's Assemblée Nationale is: How Jewish is smoked meat? Originally, Gerald Godin, Minister of Community and Cultural Affairs, suggested that smoked meat is a Canadian, not an ethnic, delicacy, and would therefore probably not qualify for exemption under the new amendments. The opposition party, led by indignant Jewish representative Herbert Marx, protested that smoked meat was every bit as Jewish as matzoh and gefilte fish. The Office de la Langue Française, which regulates and polices the language laws, finally allowed that "smoked meat is Jewish . . . it's a typically ethnic dish." But the legal ramifications of that view remain unclear. What *is* clear is that the English language is not a Jewish dialect. After all, what Schwartz's really wants is the right to advertise in English. The only right it is likely to get out of a parliamentary decision proclaiming smoked meat Jewish is the right to advertise in Yiddish, or Hebrew—a privilege not likely to do much for business. The restaurant did in fact have a large Hebrew sign, which was removed only recently. But not because the Office de la Langue Française required it. "A rabbi told me that our food isn't kosher," explained Johnny Haim, the restaurant manager, "so I took the sign down."

LITERARY AND CULTURAL institutions too have felt the effects of the language bill. Take the story of Bibliophile, a small English-language bookstore in Montreal. To meet the requirements of the language charter, its proprietors chose a bilingual name. But "bibliophile" is used much more commonly in French than in English, and they soon found that the name was discouraging English-speaking customers. A small paper sign which read "an English Bookshop" was placed in a corner of the store's front window. The transgression did not escape the notice of the Commission de Surveillance de la Langue Française, Quebec's language police. The commission reported the violation to the Office de la Langue Française, which sent a letter of warning to the store. In its French letter, the Office gave the owners of Bibliophile two weeks to remove the illegal sign, "an *enclish* bookshop" (so much for the other kind of sensitivity to language) or face the full fury of the law. Bibliophile's case received national attention when Quebec Premier Réne Lévesque said that the bureaucrat responsible for harassing the little bookstore was a "nincompoop." The Office de la Langue Française was embarrassed. The sign in Bibliophile's window is still there.

SINCE THE Parti Québécois came to power in 1976, well over a hundred thousand English speakers have left Montreal, mostly for Toronto. Dozens of banks and corporations, unwilling to comply with the charter's mandatory French tests for employees and French-only business correspondence, have moved their main offices out of the city. The departure of so many companies has given way to an exodus of the city's more educated citizens. A recent poll indicated that over 50 percent of Montreal's English-speaking high school and junior college students planned to continue their education and establish careers outside of Quebec. And American businesses, students, and tourists have shown increasing reluctance to invest, study, or even tour in the province. Taxes and unemployment have never been higher, and there is a palpable pessimism about the city's future among its non-French minorities.

ALL THIS STANDS in sharp contrast to the image of Montreal of not so long ago. Between 1941 and 1971 the city experienced phenomenal growth, more than doubling its population to over two million. With the tremendously successful World's Fair, Expo '67, and the 1976 Summer Olympics, Montreal had established a reputation as one of the great cities of the world. The city's transformation and continued vitality are largely due to the vision of its mayor since 1958, Jean Drapeau, who has been fighting the provincialism of the Parti Québécois. Old Montreal has been converted from a deserted wharf area to a model of urban renewal, a center of nightclubs, boutiques, cafés, and condominiums. The Metro is one of the most efficient public transportation systems in the world. Foreign bookstores abound. Downtown newsstands typically carry journals in ten different languages, and restaurants serving every imaginable kind of ethnic food can be found throughout the city.

MONTREAL'S UNUSUAL physical beauty and international character make it a hard city to leave for very long. Notable among its returned exiles are Canada's most celebrated novelist, Mordechai Richler and the country's finest poet, Irving Layton. Like many others, Layton reluctantly left Montreal for Toronto because of financial problems. Upon his return, he published a long article in the local English press celebrating his love for Montreal and his disdain for Toronto, which he called "a city without a soul" ruled by bankers and stockbrokers. Though Montreal's losses have been Toronto's gains, money alone does not make a city great. As Mayor Drapeau says, "language, religion, and love cannot be imposed by law."

ALLAN NADLER

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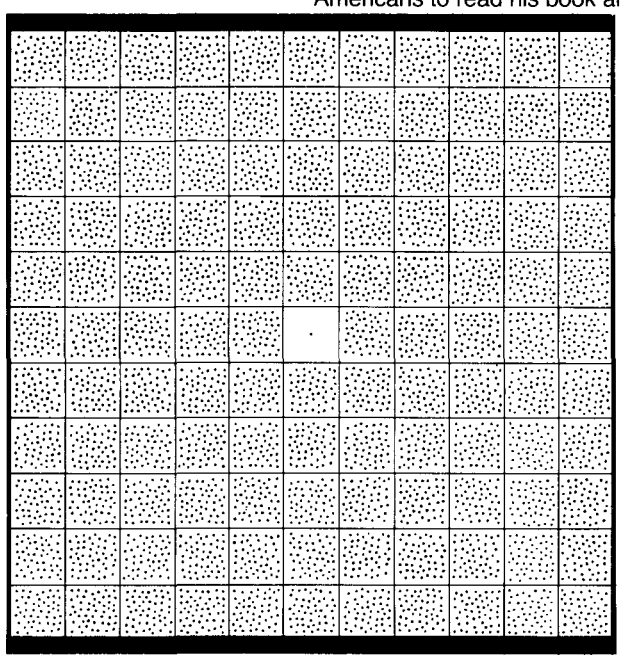

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